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CAPTAIN DUMMY, SERGEANT SCARECROW, AND PRIVATE BOGUS: A LITTLE JOKE OF THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE.

From a Sketch by an Officer of the Imperial Light Horse.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Some weeks ago I touched upon an article in a Dutch journal setting forth the case for the Boers. The writer has not taken my remarks in good part. He says they betray "lightheartedness and lack of responsibility." He folds himself in righteousness as the journalist who tells his readers "the truth," and holds me up to odium as the journalist who "does not care for the truth," but wishes his readers to believe that he and they are "always in the right." I fear the sense of humour is not cultivated by the Dutch. They have courage, tenacity, and an honest belief in themselves; but if you do not treat them with superlative gravity, they are apt to regard you as one who, in Mr. Kruger's phrase, is devoted to "the service of Baal." I plead guilty to lighthearted scepticism when I find a Dutch advocate defending as a principle of justice the Boer denial of equal rights to the British majority in the Transvaal, because the Outlanders were not "loyal" to Mr. Kruger as the Dutch colonists at the Cape are "loyal" to the Queen. This may be "the truth," as it strikes a Dutch mind; but to a mind less happily endowed with spiritual grace it is uncommonly like an audacious assumption that the Dutch must predominate in South Africa by hook or by crook.

Self-government at the Cape has lodged the affairs of the Colony in the hands of a Dutch Ministry. So Dutch and so detached is this Administration that Mr. Schreiner, as Sir Alfred Milner has told us, conceived the remarkable idea of holding the Colony aloof from the quarrel between the Imperial Government and the Boers. Indeed when the Free State burghers invaded the Colony, and "annexed" bits of it, Mr. Schreiner addressed a complaint to President Steyn that "neutral" territory had been violated. Imagine Sir Wilfrid Laurier protesting against a French expedition to Canada as a violation of neutral territory in the event of a war between Great Britain and France! That Mr. Schreiner is not dreaming of independence is shown by the contribution of the Cape Parliament to the British Navy. British ships would have the privilege of protecting the Cape against any European enemy who regarded it as part of the British Empire; but it ought not to be so regarded in any conflict between British troops and any of its neighbours. This conception of Colonial rights recalls Canning's lines—

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much.

It is certainly asking too much that the Dutch at the Cape should be allowed to set up a theory of conditional loyalty which would enable them to stand out of the Empire when it suited their convenience.

This is one fleet of Dutch ascendancy in a colony where it is not pretended that the majority are in any way hampered in their purely local and legitimate affairs by Imperial authority. Now take this ascendancy as it is represented by Mr. Kruger. He regards it as a religious ordinance, as part of the Divine government of the world, that the Boer minority shall hold absolute rule, that the people who pay nearly all the taxes shall have no voice in the administration, that their money shall be spent on armaments designed to keep them in subjection, that agitation for redress of admitted grievances shall be treated as rebellion against the State. I know there are red herrings drawn across this scent. The estimable Mr. Reitz has published a vindication of the Pretoria Executive, to show that he and his colleagues were always full of reforming zeal. It is the same Mr. Reitz who wrote to a friend in England in August 1898 that he would uphold the Convention "in letter and spirit," though it is notorious that the Convention has been violated by the Boers again and again, sometimes at the risk of war, and that Mr. Kruger has never ceased to demand its abrogation. Through all the Boer diplomacy, and all the polemics of Amsterdam, this cardinal fact is conspicuous—that Dutch ascendancy in the Transvaal has been upheld by methods utterly incompatible with the principles of self-government which have made Dutch ascendancy at the Cape. But the Dutch champion of "the truth" is none the less convinced that his race ought to prevail in the interests of righteousness.

Correspondents in America continue to call my attention to expressions of American sympathy with the Boers. These remind me of Dr. Johnson's answer to the friend who asked him how he fell into a certain error in his Dictionary. "Ignorance, Madam," said Johnson, "pure ignorance." That formula explains all these denunciations of "British tyranny." When I read in a popular American journal that a Boston meeting in favour of the Boers recalls the defiance of Boston to George III., I wonder by what process the writer of such nonsense carries on his education from day to day. The Boer case has about as much to do with the principles that were victorious in the American Revolution as the Dowager-Empress of China. "British tyranny" in the Transvaal consisted in a demand for those very rights of taxpayers that George III. strove to crush. If I believed with Pythagoras that the soul of my grandam might haply inhabit a bird, I should say that King George is reincarnated in Paul

Kruger. They have the same personal virtues, the same theory of absolutism, the same unteachable obstinacy. Paul treats his British colonists precisely in the spirit of George's policy towards his American colonists. The Americans won their own liberties by ousting George's authority, and England will win the liberties of the Outlanders by ousting Paul's authority. Whose is the "tyranny"?

Some comical people at home have issued a leaflet, from which I learn that it is wrong for us to be at war with "Protestant Christians." This suggests that if the Boers were any other kind of Christians, the authors of the leaflet would not be so distressed. I fail to see any special merit in the Protestantism of Mr. Kruger and his burghers. It is chiefly notable for its savage denial of religious kinship with the native population of South Africa. What is thought of these "Protestant Christians" by the Protestant clergy who know them? Ask Mr. Moffat, Canon Farmer, the Congregational Union of Natal. What a farce it is, for emotional zealots at Exeter Hall to drag Protestantism into the controversy, as if the Protestant religion should be an indissoluble bond of sympathy between the mass of Englishmen and the people who refuse Christianity to the Kaffirs! This precious leaflet insists that we are condemned by all Europe, "except Turkey." I have already analysed a good deal of European opinion, and shown what it is really worth. Take more samples. M. Valfrey, writing in the *Figaro* upon our historical character, says that "the English excite horror all over the world." At a meeting in Vienna, the most applauded orator said, "The English are doomed to disappear from history like the Jews." The disappearance of the Jews from history is new to me. I thought they clung so tenaciously to the historical present as to keep the venom of clerical bigots in brisk circulation. It should disquiet our Protestant Christians to learn that their unfavourable opinion of their own country is shared by every malignant Jew-baiter in Europe, who has ceased for a while to lie about child-murders by the Jews in order to lie about the "atrocities" of our troops.

Why do we excite the "horror" of M. Valfrey? He is not an emotional being; he is the seasoned advocate of French interests, French adventures in various parts of the world, adventures which do not always breathe the odour of a sublime morality. He says that our rule, outside our own borders, is upheld by the bayonet. Is it the bayonet which prompted every native prince in India to offer his personal service and the service of his fighting-men to the Queen? What is the secret of that devotion to France which, as we all know, animates the natives of the colonies that Frenchmen are so proud of, and so unwilling to live in? Is it the bayonet or a fond attachment to French ideas? This is a theme to which M. Valfrey might profitably address himself, instead of painting the universal "horror" excited by the English. He might also give a moment of his valuable time to the sentiment of the French-Canadians, who, while remaining French in spirit and training, never hesitate to acknowledge what they owe to English institutions, to the traditions of English freedom, and are now proclaiming with grateful fervour their fidelity to the Empire.

I have given reasons why Englishmen cannot allow any form of Dutch ascendancy in South Africa to supersede their own principles and their own work. The leaflet from Exeter Hall informs me that in this war neither side knows for what the other is fighting. This ignorance is as imaginary as our spiritual union with the Protestantism of Pretoria. Mr. Kruger is fighting to maintain the despotism of a minority in the Transvaal and to keep up a mischievous ferment among the Afrikanders of the Cape. This makes it necessary to bring his political system to an end. We would have staved off this issue by patching up some kind of shift if Mr. Kruger had not precipitated war. There is nothing of which we need be ashamed, except our lack of readiness to cope at once with a foe who, though lacking in the higher wisdom, knows his own mind, and acts upon it with decision. That lesson will not be lost upon us. The strength of the Empire is enormous, but too much dispersed. It will be better organised in the future, even if we have to make the sacrifices imposed by such a form of military service as is obligatory in the tranquillity of Switzerland.

Our foreign censors are not all blind to our resources, and that is why their delirium is subsiding. There is a wholesome change even in the tone of the German Press. Some writers have been looking into Prussian history, and are edified to discover the methods by which Prussia asserted her supremacy in Germany. Compared to the assertion of our supremacy in South Africa, those methods scarcely encourage the German moralist in the contemplation of his superior virtue. One Berlin organ says the Continental coalition against England is a "soap-bubble," and asks its readers if they can imagine a German commander in a Franco-German squadron ordering his men to attack an English ship. If this revival of reason proceeds, the German Post Office may find that it is indecorous to circulate post-cards bearing vulgar caricatures of the Queen.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

Once more at the time of writing the situation in South Africa, more especially in Natal, is fraught with anxiety unrelieved by any news upon which even scientific conjecture can reasonably be based. But while everyone is watching eagerly for tidings of Buller's next move, a certain amount of progress is being made in other directions; and the position generally is beginning to lose that appearance of inertness which, from the home standpoint, has been characterising it for some weeks past.

Sir Redvers Buller's third attempt to relieve Ladysmith will necessarily be a very dramatic performance, and it may quite possibly, even if successful, prove to be a somewhat tragic one. But he has many points in his favour. His troops still have the utmost confidence in him and are still as full of fight as they can possibly be. The affair of Spion Kop was a disappointment certainly, and to some extent a reverse, but it was not a disaster in the sense that the battle of Colenso was, and it must undoubtedly have shaken the Boer morale considerably to find the flanks of their long position threatened in this direction. Indeed, it is apparent from many signs that the Boer resistance generally is weakening, and that the strain of having to defend so many points is beginning to assert itself.

A new feature has been introduced into the campaign by the reported operations of the column which was sent up to Zululand from Durban some three or four weeks ago. The column is probably larger than is commonly supposed, and it is a weapon of great strength in our hands. It is said that the Boers are greatly disquieted by the movements of this force, and that they are making great efforts to strengthen Vryheid against a possible attack on their rear.

The main centre of activity, as far as actual news is concerned, is Cape Colony, where it is evident that a serious combined movement is on the point of commencing. Exactly what General Kelly-Kenny, who, it was mentioned last week, has turned up rather dramatically at Thebus, near Steynsburg, intends to do has not yet been announced, nor is it quite clear what portion of his division he has with him. But the probability is that one of his brigades—that commanded by General Clements—is now helping French, while the other, under General Knox, is at Thebus. Presumably the first thing to be done will be the capture of Stormberg, and to this end General Kelly-Kenny's force requires stiffening by mounted infantry. Accordingly, two companies have been sent to Thebus from Gatacre's headquarters at Sterkstroom, and on Tuesday last had arrived at Maraisburg. In a few days we may hear of a joint movement by Kelly-Kenny and Gatacre on Stormberg, the fall of which would have an excellent moral effect, besides clearing away one of the several barriers which the Boers have so skilfully placed in the way of our various lines of advance.

The situation in the district covered by General French's operations was stated at the beginning of this week to be unchanged, but here, again, we seem to be on the eve of great happenings. There are said to be nearly 7000 Boers in the position near Colesberg, and these have been kept successfully in check by General French's "excellent selection of positions and brilliant tactics." This achievement, considering that French's force is by no means a large one, is highly remarkable, and goes far to present the utility of mounted troops in a new aspect. But French has probably more in view than the skilful hemming-in of the Colesberg position, and already there have been reports of his having, as anticipated last week, attempted to seize Norval's Pont. This he would doubtless try to accomplish with the infantry brigade under Clements. It is, perhaps, significant that a telegram dated from Pretoria Feb. 5 states that, according to a despatch from Colesberg, the British forces were within seven miles of Achtertang, which lies about half-way between Colesberg and Norval's Pont.

At Modder River the very provoking state of inaction continues, but there are signs that it will shortly be brought to a close. It must be admitted that the retention of a large and splendidly efficient force such as Methuen's in this humiliating position is a most serious blot upon our conduct of the war, and it is earnestly to be hoped that when this reproach is removed, the results will be sufficiently satisfactory partially to obscure the memory of this unfortunate check. After all the weeks that have elapsed since the battle of Magersfontein it is nothing short of scandalous that Kimberley should be still in a state of siege, when the relative strength of the Boer and British forces in the neighbourhood, and the nature of the country, are taken into consideration. It is no doubt satisfactory to learn that in the meantime the troops at Modder River have been wholesomely engaged in a series of inter-regimental boxing-matches; but it will have occurred forcibly to most of us that this is scarcely the *raison d'être* of their presence in that quarter, and that the contrast between the brilliant series of battles which marked the inception of Methuen's advance to the relief of Kimberley and the present condition of affairs is a most objectionable one.

Kimberley holds out, apparently without any great difficulty, although the stores must now be running rather short, and the protracted siege is doubtless telling severely upon the large civil population. A telegram to the Queen from the Mayor of Mafeking, dated Jan. 27, was read in the House of Commons on Feb. 2 to the effect that on the hundredth day of the siege the gallant garrison were still stoutly determined to maintain her Majesty's supremacy "in this town." Colonel Plumer was on Jan. 23 in the neighbourhood of Gaberones, where he is evidently detained by the presence of a Boer force possessing a gun, to which he has only recently been enabled to reply. There is, accordingly, no foundation for the report that he had succeeded in effecting a junction with Baden-Powell on Jan. 23.

PARLIAMENT: THE WAR DEBATE.

The debate on Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice's amendment to the Address was prolonged beyond its public interest. To the average citizen it is of less consequence to know what can be said for and against the war than to know what measures will be taken for the vigorous prosecution of the war and for the defence of the Kingdom against any possible attack. The one speech in the debate which imparted to it any sense of novelty was Mr. Wyndham's. Sir William Harcourt said of it, with generous appreciation, that he had never known a more remarkable display of Parliamentary talent. Sir Edward Grey described it as "having lifted the gloom" off the public mind. Not only did Mr. Wyndham offer a far abler defence of the Government than had been made up to that point by any of his more prominent colleagues; he gave such a picture of our actual and contingent military resources in South Africa as made his audience breathe the air of victory. Nobody knew precisely how many troops we had ready, or nearly ready, for action. Everybody was distracted by the blunders of the campaign. But Mr. Wyndham's statement was so simple and forcible, and showed that the strength of the Empire was closing so steadily and surely upon our adversaries, that the whole situation cleared as if by magic.

Another admirable speech was Sir Edward Grey's. He blamed the Government for lack of foresight, but he did not harp all the while on errors. He admitted that the Opposition were far from being united as to the necessity of the war, but strongly affirmed the belief that it could not have been avoided. As for the future, no settlement could leave the industrial majority in the Transvaal exposed to the caprice of the Boer minority, or leave Mr. Kruger with the power to begin the controversy all over again. This note was echoed by Mr. Bryce, who condemns the Government policy. He declared that it was our duty now to establish our military authority and to take every care that it should never be questioned again. Mr. Birrell argued in the same sense. Mr. Courtney did not deny that such must be the upshot of the war; but he predicted that the nation, which is resolved to destroy the two Republics, would repent. Was it not just as strongly in favour of Lord North's policy of coercing the American Colonies, and had it not repented of that? Mr. Courtney omitted to explain the logical connection, if any exists, between Lord North's policy and the present war.

The Irish members took little part in this debate, having an amendment of their own which they preferred to that of the front Opposition bench; but Mr. Dillon made a vehement speech against the war; and a tempest between the now united party and Colonel Sanderson supplied the one exciting incident of the whole discussion. Colonel Sanderson, remarking upon the Nationalist hostility to England, said that the Government were "attacked by the Boers in front and by the Nationalists in the rear." This was treated on the Irish benches as an imputation against Irish valour, and the Speaker was passionately adjured to protect Ireland against unseemly insult. Why it should be thought cowardly to attack in the rear—an ordinary operation in military strategy—nobody seemed able or willing to say. Colonel Sanderson, finding that his statement was resented, showed the usual Irish reluctance to withdraw from a shindy. The uproar was at last composed, having served the purpose of enabling the Nationalists to give their newly cemented union a fitting celebration; and even Mr. William Redmond did not persevere in a conflict with the Chair when reproved for shouting at Mr. Goschen, "Speak sense."

A vigorous assault by Sir Robert Reid on the South African Committee of Inquiry into the Raid showed no little detachment of mind, seeing that Sir Robert Reid's most conspicuous political friends were members of the Committee. Sir Edward Clarke was equally detached from partisanship on the other side, for he demanded that Lord Salisbury should remove Mr. Chamberlain and take the Colonial Office himself, and that Lord Rosebery should be sent to the Cape to supersede Sir Alfred Milner. Sir William Harcourt defended the South African Committee on the ground that it could not push its investigation any further without adjourning to another Session, and that Mr. Rhodes might have prevented it from being reappointed. On the main issue Sir William thought that the Government had caused the war by interfering in the internal affairs of the Transvaal.

Mr. Chamberlain retorted that it was Lord Ripon, Colonial Secretary in the Liberal Cabinet, who had first proposed the five years' franchise, which was the basis of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. The Colonial Secretary condemned the amendment as calculated to give a false appearance of disunion to a united people. He declared that the eventual settlement would not be "a second Majuba," for every concession made to the Boers had been used by them for the sole object of destroying the Convention and gaining absolute independence, and he followed Mr. Wyndham in reassuring the House as to our military strength in South Africa.

On the last night of the debate Mr. Asquith reinforced the arguments of Sir Edward Grey. He acquitted the Government of any desire for war, and charged the responsibility upon Mr. Kruger, who had rejected the moderate terms offered him on Sept. 8, and made demands which he knew to be impossible, and intended to be refused. None the less, Mr. Asquith severely criticised the Government for having failed to safeguard Natal, although they knew that the Transvaal was "an armed camp." Mr. Lloyd George, like Sir Robert Reid, could see nothing in the war but the wickedness of financiers who had made the Government their dupes. Mr. Burns informed the House that "the newspapers which clamoured for war were owned by blackguards and edited by ruffians." Mr. Chamberlain, he added, had spoken in "the language of the pothouse and the spirit of the prize-ring"; but at this point the Speaker put a stop to these refinements. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman assured the Government that the Opposition would give them every facility to bring the war to a speedy conclusion, and Mr. Balfour wound up the debate with an eloquent vindication of the principle of equal political rights, on which the Empire was founded, and which would restore peace to South Africa. In the division, Ministers had a majority of 213.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

In happy contrast to the ordinary custom, the first night of the new Gaiety piece, "The Messenger Boy," was not the usual dress rehearsal, at which only possibilities of future entertainment are seen, and the audience has to be content with but a few moments of genuine delight. This latest "musical play," the work of two librettists, Messrs. Tanner and Murray; two stage-poets, Messrs. Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank; and two composers, Messrs. Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton, is consistently bright and merry from first to last. Its story, dealing with the adventures of an English Jagger despatched from an Embankment hotel via Brindisi, Cairo, and the Nile to the far Egyptian outpost of El Barra, and followed or preceded by a host of interested persons, is an ingenious variation on the set themes of smart society and true love.

Mr. Edmund Payne, of course, is the centre of all the fun, and Miss Katie Seymour is his loyal assistant. These two inimitable dancers both bring down the house, first when they present in pantomime the day's work of policeman, sailor, soldier, and fireman, and again when, as mummies, they issue from their cases and perform a wild breakdown. But a mad teetotal whirl of the little droll as dervish and a graceful skirt-dance of Miss Seymour are even better. Brisk dancing, indeed, is one of the features of the show. It is as a dancer that Mr. Fred Wright, in a Captain Kettle part, produces a good impression, that comedians like Mr. E. J. Lonnen and Mr. Mackinder again win favour, and that the new and dainty Gaiety heroine, pretty Miss Violet Lloyd, maintains her popularity. Vivacity, however, is the quality of all the members of the company, whether they be old-established favourites like Messrs. Wykes and Nainby, here made quarrelsome German and French companions, and the inimitable Miss Connie Ediss, or newcomers like Miss Rosie Boote (with a very catchy song) and that veteran of comic relief, Mr. Harry Nicholls. Fortunately Mr. Ivan Caryll and his colleagues have rarely invented more tuneful or sprightly melodies, and so, with all these advantages of song and dance and fun, "The Messenger Boy" proves the best of all recent Gaiety musical farces.

At both the homes of melodrama there have been changes once more. The Princess's management has been content to rely on yet another revival of "Drink," and Mr. Charles Warner, supported by his intelligent daughter, once again repeats its splendid naturalistic performance in his now famous rôle of Coupeau. The Adelphi stage, on the other hand, has been furnished by Messrs. Sutton Vane and Arthur Shirley by a strange play which exploits quite illegitimately, nay indecently, the most harrowing distresses and the ugliest sores of modern civilisation, and at the same time treats of religious problems and questions of faith with the hysterical familiarity of the ordinary literal and illogical tract. In point of fact, "The Better Life" is suggested by Mr. Sheldon's pamphlet-story, "In His Steps," and its hero is an Agnostic workman who suffers untold miseries and persuades a young clergyman to follow closely by divine among the destitute and outcast the example of his Divine Master. Here, then, you see the penniless Atheist rave against God and society, the gay woman delightfully confessing her sins, a practical teetotaler drinking himself drunk and agreeing to commit robbery. Some strenuous emotional acting of Mr. Fuller Mellish and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, quiet, earnest work of Mr. Ernest Leicester and Miss Kate Tyndall, and some genial comedy supplied by Miss Singleton and Mr. Bland did something to recommend a melodrama which cannot in any sense be described as pleasant.

Mr. Ben Greet's short season at the Comedy is evidently to be distinguished by frequent changes of bill. Hitherto, this newest actor-manager has relied on revivals, but on Monday afternoon last he presented an original work, an attempt of Miss Edna Lyall's at romantic drama. The time is that of the Puritan Revolution, and there is a sweet and simple maiden who is a kindly old vicar's niece, and she has two suitors—a Cavalier villain, whom she favours, and a Roundhead hero, whose gallantry has to wait longer for reward. There is only a fanatic, who regards a certain cross in Boburby churchyard as idolatrous, and when the Roundhead Captain refuses to remove him, tries to betray him to his rival. A scheme for robbing the hero of important despatches fails; and this sturdy Roundhead, though faint and well-nigh disabled, contrives to rescue the heroine from the Cavalier's but and to beat him in a duel. "In Spite of All" is an amiable and harmless trifle, full of mild religion and mild sentiment, but it hardly merits serious criticism. As for the reproduction of "The School for Scandal," there is nothing favourable to be said of it, unless it be to praise Miss Edith Wynne Matheson's girlishly piquant rendering of Lady Teazle's quarrel scene.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED.

Notice is hereby given that the First Ordinary General Meeting of the Company will be held in the Great Hall, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., on Thursday, the 15th day of February, 1900, at 2.15 in the afternoon.

To receive the Directors' Report and Accounts; to declare a Dividend; to consider Directors' remuneration; to re-elect Auditors; and to transact the ordinary Business of the Company.

The Transfer Books of the Ordinary Shares were closed on February the 5th, and remain closed until the 15th inst., both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,

L. C. B. GOODCRE,

Secretary.

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MARRIAGE.

On Saturday, Feb. 3, at Holy Trinity Church, Wandsworth, by the Rev. Alexander L. Onslow, Vicar of Kinsbury, Warwickshire, cousin of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. William Reed, Vicar of the Parish, Arthur L. Itus, elder son of Douglas A. Onslow, of Putney, to Mabel, elder daughter of George Blundell Longstaff, of Putney Heath, and of Mortimer, North Devon.

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AFTER COLENSO.—TROOPS AROUND THE WATER-CART: A DHOOIE-BEARER BEGGING WATER FOR A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

There is no hardship our soldiers have to endure in their campaigns greater than that of thirst. It may be remembered that more than once in the Egyptian Campaigns our men rushed into the Nile in sheer desperation after their march through the desert, and drank the thick compound of mud and water to assuage the awful torment in their throats. It is true that the facilities for water-supply are greater now, but there are many cases still where our men must depend on what they carry in their own bottles and what they can get by the way. One of our reasons for abandoning Spion Kop, for example, was that there was no water to be had on the top of it. Our illustration shows a group of soldiers taking advantage of a military water-cart to refresh themselves. As everybody knows, a severe wound, by increasing the temperature of the body, tends in many cases to produce an intolerable thirst; thus, the ambulance-men and the Indian dhoolie-bearer are as anxious as the soldiers themselves to procure the water that brings heavenly comfort to their patients.



OUTPOSTS OF SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS BIVOUACKING DURING THE DAY AT MODDER RIVER.

From a Sketch by Private J. Farquharson, "E" Company, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WAR PICTURES.

At the present moment, when General Buller's position on the Tugela is occupying every mind, the photograph by our Special Correspondent, Mr. George Lynch, of a wagon-team fording that river will give our readers a visual picture of the scene of war. Other two of our Illustrations reveal the experiences of Mr. Lynch when a prisoner in the hands of the Boers. It may be remembered that Mr. Lynch wearied of the inaction of Ladysmith, and tried to pass over into the Boer lines in search of "copy," but was arrested as a spy. Although Mr. Lynch and the Boers got on fairly well together, as our Illustrations show, it was only after urgent representations from London that he was released as a non-combatant. Some of his sketches he had to destroy while in Pretoria, lest they should give information to the enemy; but one non-committal sketch of very great interest he was able to preserve, and it is here reproduced. It pictures the Boer prisoners who are at present detained in Ladysmith Jail. Another Ladysmith sketch should interest the public in view of the recent Boer threat "to drown out the English in Ladysmith." It may be remembered that they sent for hundreds of Kaffirs from Pretoria to act as navvies, and for tons of sandbags and concrete to make a dam across the Klip River, below Ladysmith, in the hope that the flooding-back of the waters would render the position untenable. The aspect of the Ladysmith Volunteer Camp after a heavy rainfall would certainly seem to show that Ladysmith could easily be flooded—if the Boers could only get water enough, which is rather an important "if," to be sure. Another most interesting illustration is that which pictures an incident of our first dash into the enemy's territory. It may be remembered that our Colonial troops came upon the enemy so suddenly at Lubbes Hoop Farm that the Boers had to scuttle, leaving their dinner cooking on the oven. It was promptly annexed and eaten by our rough-riders. Another incident of a similar kind is shown in Mr. Villiers's sketch of the New South Wales Mounted Rifles on their march to Prieska. Prieska, it may be remembered, was occupied by our Colonial troops about a week ago, and as it is a post on the Orange River, in the direct line of our central advance, its capture was of the greatest importance. The Australians, who helped to effect it, secured some good dairy provender by milking the enemy's cows! That is the comedy of war; the sterner side is seen in our great double-page picture of our infantry fixing bayonets to repel the fierce Boer attack upon Ladysmith, and in Mr. Lynch's panoramic view of the field of Colenso. In the latter the wide sweep of the far-reaching plain shows what an enormous space is taken up by a modern battlefield. Two other interesting sketches from Mr. Lynch are Pretoria Jail, where some of our men are confined, and the laager of the famous Boer leader, Mr. Schalk Burger, outside Ladysmith; and, finally, there is the sketch in which Mr. F. A. Stewart shows how the Boers obtained supplies when, owing to Buller's advance and the rise of the Tugela, 3000 of them were cut off on Hlangwani Hill. Pack-horses were made to swim across the river with cases of provender strapped to their backs.

DEPARTURES FOR THE FRONT.

Day by day the streets of London and the ports of departure bear testimony to the great tide of soldier-life setting for South Africa. It would be strange were it otherwise, when something like 5000 men have left our shores for the front every week for the last few weeks to join that great force in the field which, as Mr. Wyndham reports, now reaches a total of 180,000. Various Illustrations appearing to-day tell the story of the great exodus. There is a group of men in charge of the Brighton Position Battery of the City Imperial Volunteers—for Brighton is but London-on-the-Sea. Of the Cheshire Yeomanry two pictures are given, and something has been incidentally said of that excellent corps in another column, where appears the portrait of its Captain, Lord Arthur Grosvenor. The example of Lord Arthur, who is not the only member of the Duke of Westminster's family to join the corps, is itself perhaps more eloquent and inspiring than even an address from Lord Haddington. The Hampshire Volunteers include the contingent from the Isle of Wight which had the geographical good luck of an inspection at Osborne from Princess Henry of Battenberg at the close of their period of training at Fort Gomer, as well as a speech, which Her Royal Highness concluded with a "God protect you!"

In Ireland, the greatest "send-off" has been that given to Lord Iveagh's Irish Hospital Staff, who are depicted on parade in the square of the Royal Barracks, Dublin, for inspection by Major-General Gosset, commanding the Dublin District. The General said the right

thing to the Volunteers, and brought a response from the chief of the staff, Sir William Thomson, who left Southampton for the Cape last Saturday. The rest of the men followed under Dr. Stoker in the steamer *Mountfort*, which was inspected in the London Docks before its start by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lord Iveagh.

In Canada, the enthusiasm aroused by departing contingents to serve in South Africa has reached a fever heat, even amid the ice and snow that might easily have daunted less interested spectators than those seen waiting on a frozen canal to watch the entraining of the Royal Canadian Artillery at Ottawa Central Station.

The troop-ship has become more than ever during the last three or four months a familiar object to large classes of Englishmen. Nearly all inanimate bearers of burdens come to be pronounced "she" instead of it; and Mr. Rudyard Kipling has sought to make further feminine classifications—"the liner she's a lady," and so forth. The troop-ship does not lend herself so easily to fanciful personification as the liner or the torpedo-destroyer, as to which the poet went somewhat astray for a living prototype. She is the most serious of all the ships that go down to the sea, and her cargo is more than merely men engaged in the common business of pleasure or travel. She carries the soldiers of the Queen, and her freight is heavy with the destinies of Empire.

LORD ROBERTS'S ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN.

The arrival of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts at Cape Town, on board the *Dundottar Castle*, on Jan. 10, was an event that had been eagerly looked for. The lull of expectation which had reigned not merely in the streets, but even in military arrangements connected with the campaign, gave

CASUALTIES AT THE FRONT.

Twenty-six officers lost their lives while fighting with the Mounted Brigade at Spion Kop on Jan. 24. That battle was an officers' battle, in which, besides the slain, there were over twenty officers wounded, while six had to be reported "missing." Among the gallants who fell in that hard fight, and whose portraits appear to-day, was Lieutenant James Raymond Mallock. Beginning his military life in the Militia, he entered the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers in 1895, and three years later saw his first active service with the Nile Expedition. He was just twenty-seven years of age when he died. Two other Lieutenants who lost their lives in the same fight were Eric Fraser, who was in his twenty-third year, and who joined the Lancashire Fusiliers less than two years ago; and Arthur P. C. H. Wade, who was in his thirtieth year, and had served in the Royal Lancaster Regiment for eight years.

Of Second Lieutenant Harold Alfred Cobbe Wilson there is little to say, so early in his military career have his services been lost to the country. A son of the Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, Cliswick, he entered the Army only in October last.

Lieutenant Frederick Mechoir Raphael, of the 1st Battalion South Lancashire Regiment, entered the Army through the Militia in 1891, and had not completed his thirtieth year when he died.

Captain Gilbert Macdonald Stewart, of the 2nd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, took his Captaincy in October last, and wore the Egyptian clasp and medal, won during the Nile Expedition at the capture of Khartoum. He had been in the Army for seven years, and was twenty-seven years of age.

Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry lost most heavily of all during the taking and the temporary holding of Spion Kop. One of its six officers who sacrificed their lives was Lieutenant H. S. McCorquodale, a younger brother of Mr. G. F. McCorquodale, of Rosaway, Herts.

Another was Captain Cecil Henry Saunders Knox-Gore—the member of a family that is represented in the regular British Army by Major-General W. B. Saunders Knox-Gore, late of the Royal Artillery, and a still living veteran of the Crimea. Of that officer the Captain now dead is the third son. He himself served formerly in the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons and in the Queen's Bays, from which corps he was transferred to the Reserve of Officers. He was in his thirty-eighth year.

Captain the Hon. Joseph Lucius Henry Petre, also among the killed, was the brother of the present and of the late Lord Petre, and was born in 1866. He was educated partly by his elder brother, who took holy orders in the Roman Catholic Church before he took his seat in the House of Lords, and who had a sort of model school at Woburn Park, where "roughing it" was abolished as a feature of schoolboy life.

Mr. Petre's experiences of school life were, however, extended by terms at Downside and at St. Augustine's, Ramsgate. If he was not much of a scholar, he was particularly good at sports; and the Biester Hunt will miss one of its boldest riders by his untimely death in South Africa.

Another Thornycroft name on the list of the killed is Lieutenant the Hon. Nevill Windsor Hill-Trevor, son of the first and brother of the present Baron Trevor. After serving in the 2nd Life Guards, he joined the Shropshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and he lost his life the very day after he kept his thirty-first birthday.

Captain C. G. F. G. Birch, of the 1st South Lancashire Regiment, was the son of Colonel Charles Birch, of Lymstone Grange, Devon, late Colonel commanding the 4th Battalion of the North Lancashires. He was thirty-three years of age. He joined his regiment from the Militia nineteen years ago, but had seen no war-service prior to that in which he lost his life at Spion Kop.

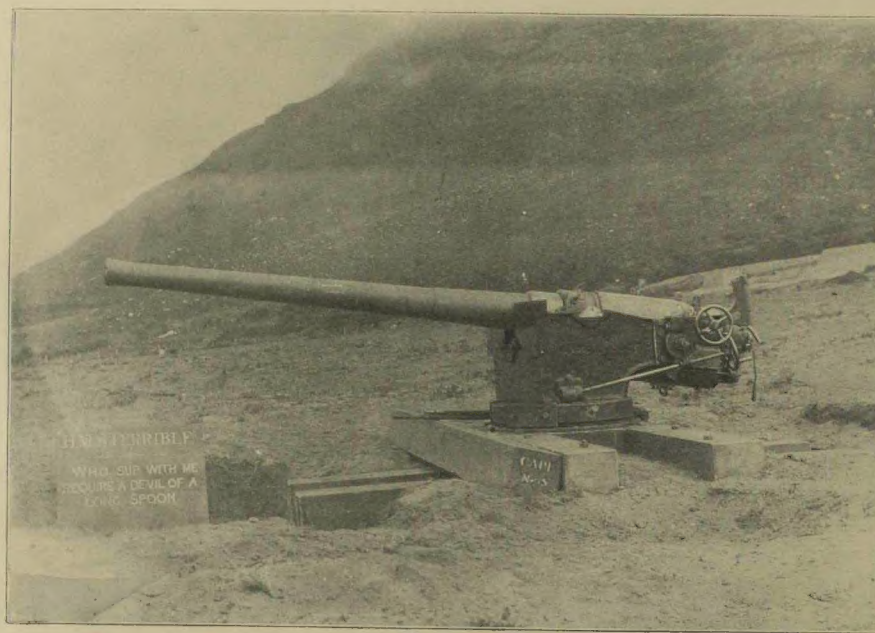
Major Archibald J. J. Ross, of the 2nd Lancashire Regiment, was forty-one years of age, and he, too, in spite of twenty-two years' military standing, had never hitherto been actively engaged.

Captain Maurice W. Kirk also, who entered the Royal Lancaster Regiment from the Militia in 1887, saw his first service in the campaign that proved fatal to him, at the age of thirty-three, at Spion Kop.

Captain Charles Walter, 2nd Battalion Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), who was killed at Spion Kop, entered the Army in 1892, and obtained his company last February. He was in his twenty-eighth year.

In action, at Ladysmith, on Jan. 6, was killed Mr. A. David Kinloch, of the Volunteer Hotchkiss Detachment. He was the second son of the late Colonel Kinloch, R.A., of Goudie, Perthshire, and was thirty years of age.

A hero in the ranks. Private Robert John Martin, 3rd Grenadier Guards, lost his life at Modder River while engaged, with Sergeant Brown, in the act of assisting Major Count Gleichen, who was disabled by a wound.



NAVAL GUN, "JOE CHAMBERLAIN," WITH CAPTAIN SCOTT'S POSITION-CARRIAGE, AFTER FIRING TEN ROUNDS.

Photograph by Mr. G. Lynch.

place at once to demonstrations of popular enthusiasm and of official activity. There was a little fog when Cape Town was neared—the usual white tablecloth upon Table Mountain. But there was nothing misty or uncertain about the sight presented as the Field-Marshal drove to Government House with Sir Alfred Milner. The enthusiastic greetings given to the Commander-in-Chief were eloquent of the anxiety of the loyal inhabitants of Cape Town about the progress of events. The first item of news to be given was altogether good—the strong assault on Cesar's Camp at Ladysmith had been repulsed. For the rest, there were matters of urgent gravity to be dealt with by the newly arrived commander, and there was a private grief still close at his heart. Under all the circumstances, therefore, the word rejoicing seems hardly the right one to use in connection with his arrival at Cape Town. Perhaps the public sentiment might be better described as one of relief.

GRAVEYARD AT DUNDEE.

Our readers will be much interested in our Illustration of the churchyard at Dundee in which are buried fifteen of our men who died of wounds received at the battle of Dundee. In the same graveyard lie four of their Boer enemies, who succumbed to fearful injuries, in spite of the assiduous care of the Royal Army Medical Corps. As we know, the slain are usually buried on the field of battle; it is the wounded who are carried off the field and then succumb who lie in the shadow of a church-tower. However, there was no graveyard enclosure attached to this little church near Dundee, and the railing, as well as the crosses marking the graves, are due to the pious care of Major Daly, of the R.A.M.C. Major Daly took care that the nineteen wounded men whom his corps could not save, in spite of all their efforts, should at least have all the sanctities of Christian burial, with simple crosses to tell the name and designation of the fallen. So here they lie, Briton and Boer, side by side, and at peace.

PERSONAL.

Lord Salisbury was seventy years old on Feb. 3. The occasion has suggested the speculation that, but for the death of his elder brother, he might have remained in the House of Commons, and at his advanced age become the "Father" of that assembly. Lord Salisbury's gifts, and the cultivation of them, are so little suggestive of the House of Commons training, that it is difficult to imagine what his development would have been had he not been a Peer. Be that as it may, the Prime Minister has the heartiest sympathy of his fellow-countrymen at this juncture.

The head of the German Colonial Society is the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who has been telling a French interviewer that the Boers are sure to be victorious, and that England is to be made most uncomfortable in all parts of the world. That is the nice amiable sentiment we expect from the German Colonial Society, against whose fulminations may be set the friendliness to England of the German Government.

Lieutenant C. C. de Crespigny, of the 2nd Life Guards, who seems likely to wear that most coveted of decorations,

the Victoria Cross, did his daring deed during a reconnaissance made by a detachment of the Household Cavalry, forming a portion of Colonel Porter's Brigade, near to Kleinfontein. Lieutenant de Crespigny was in command of the party, which stood much in need of command of all sorts when it was suddenly fired upon by an unsuspected ambush of Boers. Trooper Jaeger was wounded and his horse bolted, but

Lieutenant de Crespigny decided not to abandon him. The young officer's resolve, in any case difficult of execution, was made doubly so by the fact that his horse was shot under him. Nothing daunted, he borrowed that of a shoeing-smith, Coulson, and brought Jaeger under cover.

Lord Roberts has had an interesting correspondence with President Kruger and President Steyn. They complained that "barbarians" and "brigands" were destroying private property, the "barbarians" being natives inspired by British officers, and the "brigands" being British troops. Considering the plunder of Natal farms by the Boers, who in many cases have destroyed property in sheer malice, the complaint of the Presidents is distinctly courageous. Lord Roberts, in a very courteous message, declares that the acts alleged are contrary to British tradition and practice, and unsupported by evidence.

Professor Edward Hughes, an electrician of fame both as a theorist and as a practitioner, died on Monday last

week at the age of sixty-nine. Though born in London, he spent much of his early life in the United States, and at the College of Bardonia, Kentucky, he was heard of as a Professor, first of Music and then of Natural Philosophy. Then, in 1855, he patented the type-printing telegraph instrument which bears his name, and has made it familiar all over the civilised world. His researches on the microphone, forming the alphabet of modern

telephony, Professor Hughes communicated to the Royal Society in 1878. He had intuitions about wireless telegraphy; and he actually did invent an induction balance by which he could test a man's sensitiveness of hearing, or discover the position of a bullet in a body or of ores in the ground. The Royal Society made him one of its members and gave him a gold medal. He had, besides, the Albert Medal of the Society of Arts; and he served for one year as President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

The British Ambassador in Paris is taking a holiday out of French territory as a tacit protest against the attitude of French Society and the Paris Press towards England. It is not true that he objected to the decoration of a caricaturist connected with a paper notorious for its infamous attacks on the Queen. But the atmosphere of Paris just now makes social intercourse the kind of ordeal from which the Ambassador consults his own dignity by withdrawing.

The position of Sir Edmund Monson raises a grave question. If the British Ambassador in Paris marks his sense of the French attitude by taking a holiday, does the French Government expect the Prince of Wales to take a prominent part in the Exhibition? This is a very delicate point which will need careful handling on both sides.

The youthfulness of a large number of Boer warriors is well known, even the regulation age—sixteen years—

for service in the field being in many cases relaxed. In the British camp the youngest officer is said to be with the Colonials. This is Second Lieutenant Douglas K. Lucas Tooth. He belongs to the New South Wales Mounted Rifles, a corps which is particularly proud of its "Baby."



Photo, Freeman.
SECOND LIEUTENANT D. K. L. TOOTH,
Youngest Colonial Officer in South Africa.

February. Those who have heard the Bishop preach will know how he "takes it out of himself" in his pulpit work, and as a diocesan administrator he is no less eager and zealous. He has had a bad attack of influenza, which left him extremely weak.

A London magistrate has made an example of one of those pests of the streets who cry false war-news. Mr. Plowden said he would like to see them prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences by selling papers which do not contain the news they bellow in raucous tones. For that offence the penalty would be more severe than a fine of twenty shillings, or seven days' imprisonment, which Mr. Plowden imposed in the case before him.

The number of volunteer nurses offering their services to the War Office has not been altogether according to wisdom. "I have no experience, but I am very domestic," is said to be a formula that has passed under the wearied eyes of officials until it has become almost stereotyped on their minds. A rather

racy telegram from Sir Alfred Milner was not really needed to protect the wounded soldier in South Africa from legions of women whose capacity for nursing consisted mainly of their goodwill. Happily, of trained nurses the supply has been abundant. Ireland, in particular, has yielded a large company of efficient ladies with all qualifications for the arduous service to which they now offer themselves. One of these, whose portrait is given, is Nurse Mary Anna Davis, of Waterford, who has had six years' experience in the Cork Street Fever Hospital in Dublin, the Roscrea Infirmary, and elsewhere.

Mr. George Alexander has wisely cut out the last scene of "Rupert of Hentzau," in which the dead Rudolph Rassendyll lies in state. That scene is a piece of admirable writing in Mr. Anthony Hope's novel, but on the stage, and at this moment, it produced such depression that Mr. Alexander rightly yielded to a general sentiment by omitting it.

Canon Carter, of Canterbury, has been appointed Dean of Grahamstown, South Africa. Canon Carter will not, however, leave England until autumn.

Amid the good wishes, not only of the House of Commons, but of all his old friends, not unmingled with the regret which retirement after a long period of service always brings, Sir



Photo, Russell.
SIR REGINALD PALGRAVE,
Retiring Clerk of the House of Commons.

Reginald F. D. Palgrave has quitted the office of Clerk of the House of Commons, which he has held since 1886. Sir Reginald, who was born in 1829, was the fourth son of Sir Francis Palgrave, Deputy-Keeper of the Rolls. He was educated at Charterhouse, and became a solicitor in 1851. Two years later he entered the Committee Office of the House of Commons, where he served till 1866, in which year he became Examiner of Private Bills. From 1868 to 1870 he was Second Clerk Assistant, and from 1870 to 1886 Clerk Assistant. In 1892

Mr. Palgrave was created a Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Reginald's tastes are literary and artistic. He has published an appreciation of Oliver Cromwell and a work upon the House of Commons illustrating its history and practice. Drawing and modelling are also among his recreations. There has for a long time been a tendency to bestow the Clerkship, whenever it falls vacant, upon the Senior Assistant Clerk at the Table, and this precedent has been followed in the present instance. Her Majesty has been pleased to approve the appointment of Mr. Archibald J. S. Milman, C.B., to fill the office which Sir Reginald Palgrave has vacated.

Mr. Milman, the new Clerk, is the third son of the late Dean Milman, of St. Paul's. He entered the service of the House of Commons in 1857, and became Second Clerk Assistant in 1870, and Clerk Assistant in 1886, having thus been for a period of forty-three years second in office to Sir Reginald Palgrave. He was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. The decoration of C.B. was conferred upon him for service at the Table under three Speakers.

Captain R. W. Edis, of the 20th Middlesex Volunteers, has the advantage of being his father's son. If he

possesses special excellence as a Volunteer officer, that is only as it should be, for Colonel Edis, of the Artists, has been a most conspicuous figure in London Volunteering ever since he took the command in succession to Lord Leighton. Colonel Edis, whose proper profession is that of an architect—you can scarce go down Bond Street without giving to one of his houses a passing glance of admiration—has come to a time of life when, from a War Office point of view, he suffers from that disqualifying complaint Colonel Sanderson calls "Anno Domini." But his energy in recruiting his regiment has become well known by questions and answers in Parliament and letters in the Press, in one of which he was able to make allusion to his son's immediate departure for the Cape.

The Bishop of Exeter was much gratified with the gift presented to him on his seventy-fifth birthday by the churchwardens of the diocese. It was suggested that the cheque might be presented to the Japan Mission, in which his Lordship is keenly interested, as it was founded by his devoted son, the late Bishop Edward Bickersteth. One of the last public meetings held at Grosvenor House in the lifetime of the late Duke of Westminster was on behalf of this mission. Mrs. Bishop, the famous traveller, advocated its claims.

Professor Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart, who died in Edinburgh—his native place—last Saturday morning, at

the age of sixty-three, had long been a leader of the medical profession in that city. Educated at the High School and the University there, he afterwards graduated in the Universities of Berlin, Prague, and Vienna; and studied under some of the most eminent men of science on the Continent. Returning to Edinburgh, he did excellent work as resident physician in the Royal Infirmary, and as Physician to the Royal Hospital for Sick Children. Other useful posts he held at a later date. Many honours came to him, among others an honorary LL.D. from Aberdeen, and a Knighthood on the recommendation of Lord Rosebery, his political chief.

It is generally believed in the North of England that Dean Kitchin will find it advisable to leave his diocese for a few months, until the exasperation caused by his recent sermon has disappeared. A kindlier feeling has, however, prevailed during the last few days, and pressure has been brought to bear on the Durham Town Council not to retaliate on an old man of seventy summers, whose learning and goodness may well excuse his political errors.

Maitre Labori has published the speech he refrained from delivering before the Rennes Court-Martial. It is chiefly remarkable for the indictment of General Mercier, who had the opportunity of confessing an error of judgment, and preferred to make political capital out of gross injustice.

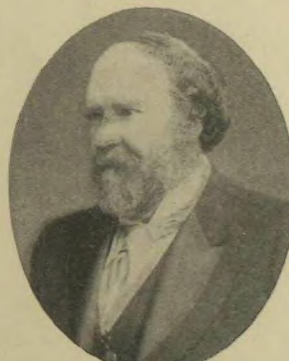
The announcement of the Unionist victory of Mr. Faber at York was received in the House of Commons on Tuesday night with tremendous enthusiasm. Mr. Faber, who succeeds Lord Charles Beresford, is forty-eight years of age, and by profession a barrister.



Photo, Enriand.
CAPTAIN R. W. EDIS,
20th Middlesex R.V.



Photo, Poole, Waterford.
MISS MARY ANNA DAVIS.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR T. GRAINGER STEWART.



Photo, Mull and Fox.
THE LATE PROFESSOR D. E. HUGHES.



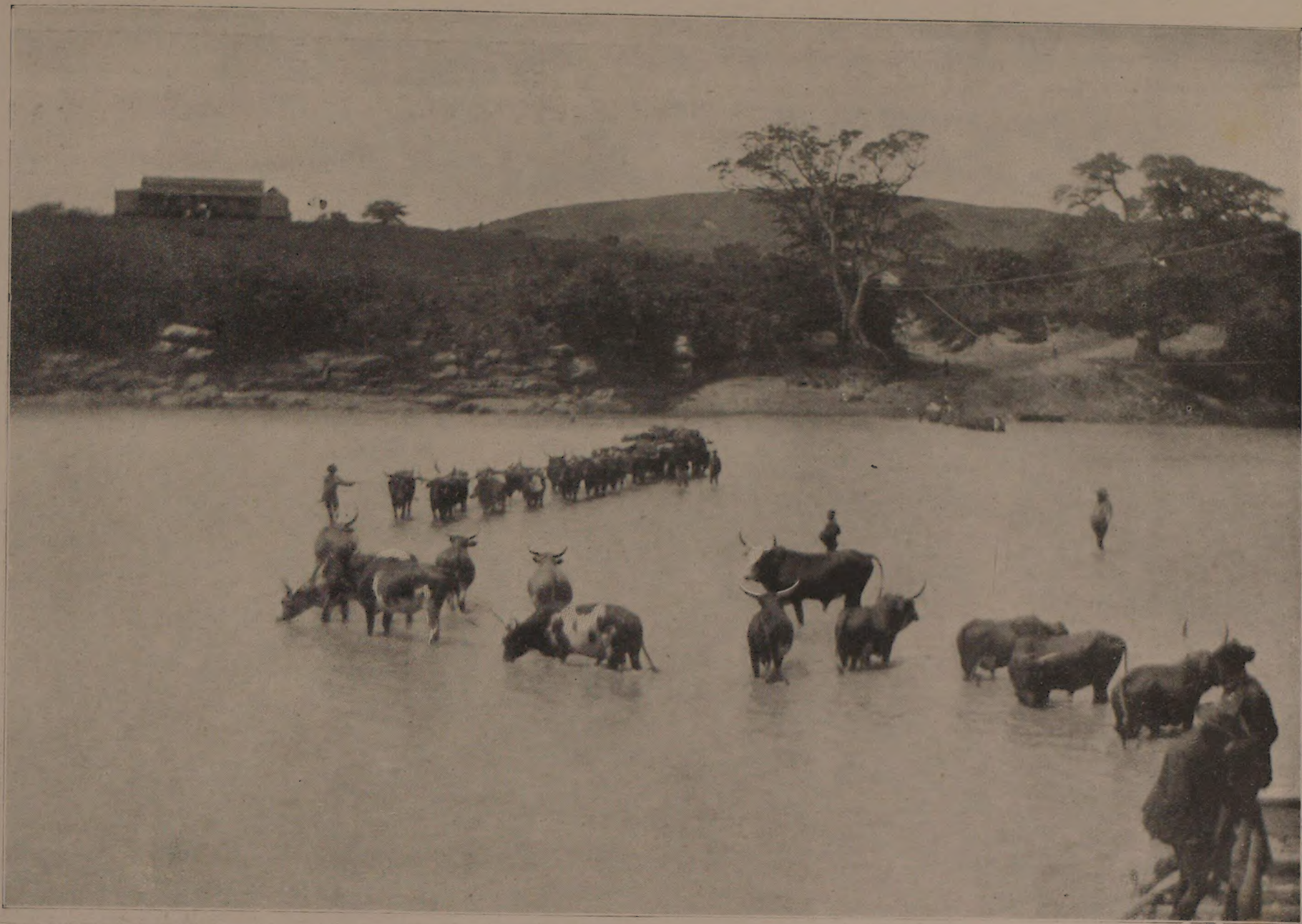
A WARD IN THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "LISMORE CASTLE."



A RESTING-PLACE OF FRIEND AND FOE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. G. LYNCH.

Enclosure containing the graves of fifteen British and four Boers who died of wounds received at the battle of Dundee, October 23. Erected by Major Daly, R.A.M.C.



CROSSING THE TUGELA NEAR COLENZO.

Photograph by Mr. G. Lynch.



ARRIVAL OF FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS AT CAPE TOWN: THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF LEAVING THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE."

Photograph by Mrs. Manley.



MR. LYNCH'S CAPTIVITY: THE FIRST EVENING AT FIELD-CORNET SPRUIT'S CAMP, BEHIND LOMBARD'S KOP.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. G. LYNCH.



THE BRIGHTON ARTILLERY POSITION BATTERY OF THE C.I.V. ON THEIR WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA.

A. 1110. Avenet, Brighton



Photo: Hunter and Millars, Esqs.

HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FRONT: PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG REVIEWING THE ISLE OF WIGHT SECTION AFTER TRAINING AT FORT GOMER.



MR. LYNCH'S CAPTIVITY: A RUBBER OF WHIST WITH THE ENEMY.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. G. LANCHE.

Safoontin, Blandenberg, and Wicht, my three guards to Pretoria, and myself were just in the middle of an interesting rubber, and passing through fields of luxuriant wild some miles before M... a young Boer got into the carriage, and hearing from them in Dutch what I was, asked me—"What do you think of our new Transvaal, only two months old?" I had just time to say it... considering its age, when Wicht snapped at him—"Shut up! No politics, please!"—EXTRACT FROM MR. LYNCH'S LETTER.



CAN LADYSMITH BE INUNDATED?—THE VOLUNTEER CAMP AT LADYSMITH AFTER A HEAVY RAINFALL.

Wagon Hill, where the battle of January 6 took place, runs from the extreme left of this.



BOER PRISONERS IN LADYSMITH JAIL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. G. LYNCH.

The four kneeling down are the men who fought their gun up to the last at Elandshoek. I kept this with me while at Pretoria, but had to destroy several others for fear of giving the Boers information about our positions inside Ladysmith.—NOTES BY MR. LYNCH.



OUR FIRST ADVANCE INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY: COLONIAL TROOPS SURPRISING THE BOERS AT LUBBES HOOP FARM.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

The enemy left their dinner cooking on the stove. The food was immediately commandeered and devoured by our hungry Mounted Infantry.—EXTRACT FROM MR. VILLIERS'S LETTER.

KILLED AT SPION KOP, LADYSMITH, AND MODDER RIVER.



LIEUTENANT J. J. R. MALLOCK
(2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Bassano.
CAPTAIN THE HON. J. L. H. PETRE
(Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Winter, Preston.
LIEUTENANT F. M. RAPHAEL
(1st South Lancashire Regiment, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Brenner, Quetta.
CAPTAIN G. M. STEWART
(2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MAJOR A. J. J. ROSS
(2nd Lancaster Regiment, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LIEUTENANT A. P. C. H. WADE
(2nd Lancaster Regiment, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
CAPTAIN M. W. KIRK
(2nd Lancaster Regiment, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
CAPTAIN C. G. F. G. BIRCH
(1st South Lancashire Regiment, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Mills and Saunders, Eton.
SECOND LIEUTENANT H. A. C. WILSON
(2nd Middlesex Regiment, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Lambert Weston, Folkestone.
CAPTAIN C. WALTER
(2nd Cameronians, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Fraser and Jennings.
LIEUTENANT E. FRASER
(2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Studio, Natal.
CAPTAIN C. S. KNOX-GORE
(Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Stearn, Cambridge.
LIEUTENANT H. S. MCCORDALE
(Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry, Killed, Spion Kop).



Photo. Crooke, Edinburgh.
MR. A. D. KINLOCH
Volunteer Hotchkiss Detachment, Killed,
Ladysmith).



Photo. Ma, all and Co.
LIEUTENANT THE HON. N. W. HILL-TREVOR
(Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry, Killed,
Spion Kop).



Photo. Butts, Chesham.
PRIVATE R. J. MARTIN
(3rd Grenadier Guards, Killed while assisting Count
Gleichen at Modder River).



A SPIN ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

LADIES' PAGE.

There will, I think, be general approval of the decision to hold two before-Easter Drawing-Rooms as usual. Notwithstanding the cloud over Society, it is not to be desired that the course of fashionable life, on which depends the industry of thousands, should be brought to a full stop. The diminished entertaining of the country ball season has



A SEASONABLE GOWN OF PLAIN CLOTH.

been felt by many poor workers already. Panné will be one of the most fashionable materials for Court trains. The embroideries that will be a distinguishing feature will be very largely of the embossed or raised order: designs cut out and padded with cotton-wool, and appliqué to the foundation material with gold or silver or embroidery silk worked round the edges of the pattern. Bead fringes are to be introduced considerably; the materials of the finest quality. Pearl fringes are most handsome, but milky or crystal ones are also capable of producing an elegant effect. Black dresses will often have petticoats of a fragile material, chiffon or silk muslin, with trains of satin appliqué all over with very large flowers in black panne worked on with an outline of jet and chenille, while fringes of the two trimming materials will be introduced on the skirt and the corsage. Linings and wide edging frills all round a thick train will be in the soft fabric that composes the petticoat, assisted by lace. In some embroideries the veins of the leaves and the pistils and stamens of flowers are outlined with gold and silver thread, and jewels are introduced into the hearts of the blossoms. On one of these beautiful evening cloaks that are almost as fine as Court dress, the material being mauve panne, the trimming consisted of a line down either side of the front of oval shapes and leaves in padded white velvet embroidered with turquoises, and motifs of lace laid flat on the mauve panne and so fastened with silver sequins.

Velvet bolice and cloth skirt are to be a favourite fancy of fashion in the immediate future. The combination is a good one for spring wear. An excellent model just over from Vienna is in deep purple cloth as regards the skirt, which is cut in scallops round the plain edge of the long tunic and stitched in several close-set rows of silk stitchings, over a six-inch hem of velvet of exactly the same shade of violet. The velvet also makes a bolero jacket, cut off short at the waist behind, and open in front over a vest of bloused form, which is covered with trimmings in alternate lines of purple satin ribbon gathered into ruches and black lace insertion. A deep collar of white satin, falling low over the shoulders behind and passing into revers at the front of the bolero, all covered with guipure lace, finishes the design. In that bolice the sleeves are also of the velvet;

but in another case the velvet is used as a tight-fitting sleeveless coat, fastened down the front with cut silver buttons, and having spade-ends to some distance below the waist; both this bolice and the skirt are russet brown, but the skirt is of cloth, and trimmed with many rows of small tucks. Then the whole effect is brightened by a three-cornered vest at the throat and the entire sleeves being of a golden-brown satin, covered flatly with white guipure. Such costumes as these are to be recommended for present construction, for there will soon be days on which they may be worn uncovered, assisted by a feather boa.

This week's illustrations show other gowns suitable for outdoor wear. The one in a plain cloth trimmed with an appliqué of white cloth outlined with narrow black braid would be smart if the material were well chosen, such as a gendarme blue or aesthetic green. The toque is of panne trimmed with a pleasant's breast-feathers. The other gown is of dark cloth braided; loops of cord fall under the arm loose from the figure; underskirt, vest, and belt are of velvet, and so is the toque.

Our good Queen knows the value of time too well to leave a moment unoccupied, and hence, with all her State business, her keen interest and considerable share in political life, her abundant private correspondence, and her liking for outdoor exercise, she still finds time to do a great deal of needlework. Knitting, the old lady's most appropriate work, putting no strain on the eyes and little on the attention, is the form that her Majesty now chiefly affects. She has just presented a handsome quilt, worked entirely by herself, to the Buckingham Nursing Home, Lady Addington being honoured by being invited to convey the gift. To the exhibition of pictures at the Guildhall to be sold in aid of the war funds, the Queen has presented two etchings executed by herself, and one from the graver of her lamented husband; that art having been a favourite recreation with both her Majesty and the Prince Consort in her earlier days. The Queen's subjects are portrait-studies of Prince Alfred as a child, and of the Duchess Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, the niece whom the Queen has just lost, the daughter of her half-sister. These little etchings, interesting in themselves, will be greatly increased in value by the Queen graciously signing the impressions with her own hand.

Ladies' working parties for the soldiers are replacing for the present, all over the country, the customary social festivities which are so largely left in abeyance this sad year. Working parties are gathered in private drawing-rooms by personal invitation. Young girls are very willing to come, but often need some guidance not to waste time and material; so the hostess and her senior friends do well to meet an hour earlier than the girls, in order to prepare the "stint" in advance for the young fingers. A correspondent, by the way, has asked for a picture of a knitted helmet. It cannot be given here, but all fancy shops have it on sale now in "knitting-books" or on separate cards.

There is surely something very extraordinary about the hold on power of the Empress Dowager of China; it is an instance of statecraft unparalleled in history, except by Catherine of Russia. Elizabeth of England kept her place through countless difficulties and antagonisms and perils, but she had in her favour a claim to be the hereditary occupant of her throne. Catherine of Russia was an insignificant German Princess, and the present Empress of China, though of good family, was a slave bought and sold in her girlhood. The wonder is that both these women, with no natural claim to rule, not only became supreme in their respective countries, but attached to them, by their wisdom and tact, men of importance enough to hold them in power year after year, notwithstanding all that happened in the State calculated to arouse opposition and deprive them of rule. China is so different from Europe that it is impossible really to understand the case, but the low place held by women in the

estimation of the Chinese as a nation makes the matter the more amazing.

Miss Eleanor Cobbett, the last surviving daughter of William Cobbett, died on Jan. 11, last, at the commencement of her ninety-fifth year. From her the painting of the Misses Cobbett which we reproduce passed by gift into the family of Mrs. C. Lega-Weekes, who writes as follows: "We had the privilege of knowing all three



AN OUTDOOR GOWN OF CLOTH AND VELVET.

sisters, who, like most of their race, were conspicuous for strong mental powers and fine physique. Almost to the very last, Miss Eleanor Cobbett's letters were full of discriminative and vigorous criticisms, especially upon the follies of the day, and new-fangled ideas and inventions, and none knew better than she how to offer sympathetic and practical suggestions to those friends in whose welfare she took a deep interest. Family affection was in her a marked characteristic. Many years ago I saw her dancing with her brother John in a ball-room, where they were unanimously pronounced to be the handsomest couple present. He wore a suit in which he had attended some grand function, and the knee-breeches and silk stockings set off the symmetry of his figure and the dignity of his mien, and the hair of both was like silver, and their complexions were of a still delicate pink and white. They had in common a certain old-world mingling of gentle reserve and refined courtesy that now is but rarely seen. Her good looks and her conversational charm lingered to the end, and very many will have heard with sincere regret of the breaking of such an interesting link with the past."

Some idea of the demand for requisites for active service may be gathered from the fact that the Sheffield works of Messrs. Mappin and Webb cannot, by constant work night and day, keep pace with the orders received. For the convenience of customers who wish to forward any of their campaigning requisites to friends or relatives on the way to or at the front, Messrs. Mappin and Webb announce that special arrangements have been made whereby, at an extra cost of one shilling per article, they undertake delivery to the recipient at the front in any part of South Africa free of all charges for freight, duty, and insurance.

To combine the luxury of a fashionable hotel with the requirements of the busy commercial traveller is an achievement. This has been accomplished at the new Grand Hotel, Hanley. The furnishing of the hundred and thirty rooms and the decorations of the hotel throughout were entrusted to the well-known house of Oetzmann and Co., of Hampstead Road, London, and they have carried out their work with admirable taste. FILOMENA.



Susan (born, 1807). Ann (born, 1803). Eleanor (born, Dec. 6, 1805).

THE DAUGHTERS OF WILLIAM COBBETT.

From a Painting lent by Mrs. Lega-Weekes.

The Parisian Diamond Company.

The Ladies' Field.

"The exquisite gem-work, which has been for so long associated with the name of the Parisian Diamond Company, seems to grow season by season more and more beautiful."

"With an enterprise and ingenuity which are little short of marvellous, the Parisian Diamond Company continue to produce one new lovely design after another, until one begins to wonder whether their powers of artistic invention are absolutely inexhaustible."

The Kent Argus.

"The famous pearls, the spécialité of this Company, are a veritable dream of soft milky whiteness, no two alike, but changing ever and anon into tender iridescent gleams, or a lovely sheen, thus defying even an expert to detect them from their costly prototypes."

Hearth and Home.

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street; and 43, Burlington Arcade."

Black and White.

"The Parisian Diamond Company is quite the place to visit by all who have an appreciation of the beautiful and the refined."

Truth.

"The rarely-beautiful and artistic gem-work of the Parisian Diamond Company has met on all hands with the approval which it so thoroughly deserves."

The Lady.

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

The Whitehall Review.

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

The Lady's Realm.

"One of the most beautiful collarettes consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

The Lady's Pictorial.

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

Madame.

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."

FROM

"THE DIARY OF A DAUGHTER OF EVE,"

APPEARING NOW IN

"THE WORLD OF DRESS."

"We supped at the Carlton, in that beautiful room with the white walls and the rose-coloured chairs. Jewels were much in evidence, most of the women owing their best decoration to the Parisian Diamond Company, recognising the superior charm of exquisite design over mere value."

Scottish Life.

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

The Sketch.

"That perfection to which the Parisian Diamond Company alone have attained in their pearls."

The Court Journal.

"The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

Table Talk.

"Their designs this year seem to be more beautiful and artistic than ever, and the extraordinary grace and perfection of the setting of the brilliant and beautiful stones can give one cause for nothing but admiration."

The Mail and Express.

(NEW YORK)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

The Queen.

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

The World of Dress.

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

Modern Art.

"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

The Ladies' Gazette.

"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

The Gentlewoman.

"The designing, the mounting and setting, together with the perfect finish, of the Parisian Diamond Company's work, raise their exquisite productions in every way as far above the quantity of imitation jewellery as is the finest diamond work itself."

Vanity Fair.

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone specially clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."



MRS. ARJA,

The Editor of the "World of Dress,"
writes—

"And it has been written in the Book of Fashion that you shall wear jewels. Jewels shall scintillate on your corsage, sparkle in your hair, entwine their brilliancy round your neck, and twinkle upon your ears. What a becoming order of affairs! All women look well in diamonds—and we, who would follow on the becoming path, owe an immense debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company, who have invested the imitation stones with an elegance and a tact worthy of the gem-work of all the ages, while they echo every whisper of *La Mode* with an absolute fidelity. There are just now at their depots in 85, New Bond Street; 143, Regent Street; and 43, Burlington Arcade, earrings—the latest modish revival—of the screw shape, of the drop shape, of the stud shape, and of the Creole shape, and all arranged so that the ordeal of ear-piercing need not be undergone, for they clip and screw quite securely."

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"At all times one is certain to find something novel at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments, and just now there are many charming little jewels, all of which are characterised by that perfection of workmanship and elegance of design for which the Company has always been noted."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

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Photo. F. P. H. Argy, Dublin.

MAJOR-GENERAL GOSSET INSPECTING LORD IVEAGH'S FIELD HOSPITAL STAFF AT DUBLIN BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

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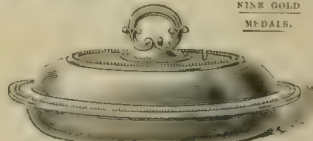
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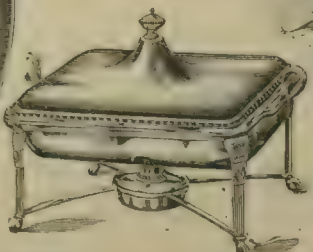
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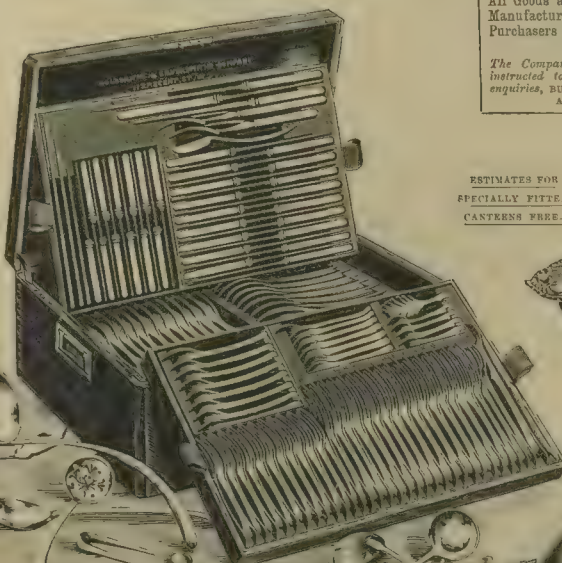


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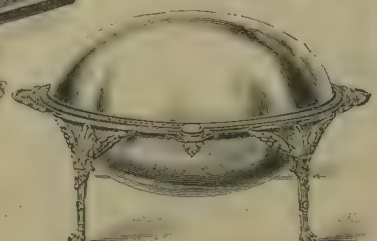
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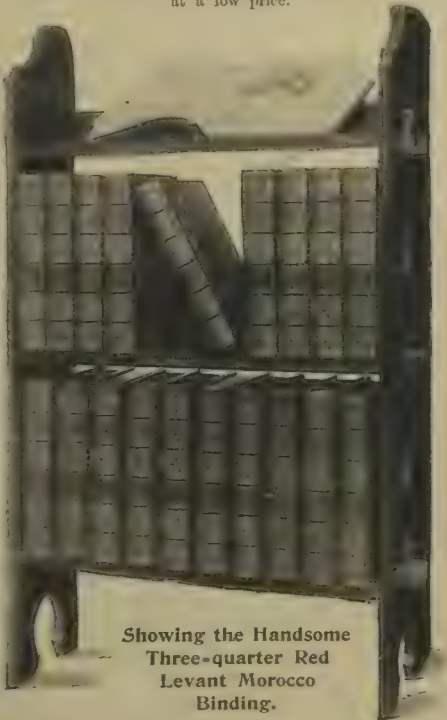
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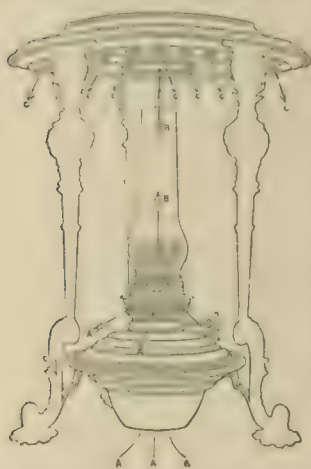
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 15, 1885) of Mr. James Pope Kitchen, of the Manor House, Hampton, and 56, Old Broad Street, stockbroker, who died on Jan. 4, was proved on Jan. 25 by the Rev. Henry John Kitchen, the son, the Rev. Evan Henry Hopkins, and Archibald Dunbar Walker, M.D., the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £181,756. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his brothers, Joseph Kitchen and the Very Rev. George William Kitchen, D.D.; £500 each to his brother Thomas Milward Kitchen, his sister Frances Anne Baker, his sister-in-law Sarah Jennings, Henry Aldridge Parry, Weston Parry, and David Henry Eiger; and legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, in equal shares, to his children and the issue of any deceased child.

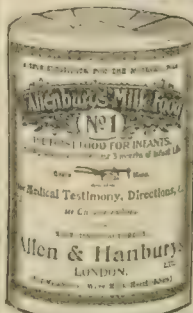
The will (dated July 4, 1893), with four codicils (dated Oct. 16 and Dec. 14, 1893, June 15, 1897, and May 25, 1898), of Mr. James Chisholm Gooden-Chisholm, of 33, Tavistock Square, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on Jan. 26 by Francis William Pixley, Arnold Trinder, Roderick Chisholm Gooden-Chisholm, the son, and Alexander Prout Simpson, the executors, the value of the estate being £153,796. The testator bequeaths £700 to his wife; £5000 to, and £5000 upon trust for, his son Chisholm; £250 per annum each to his four daughters, during the life of Mrs. Gooden-Chisholm; £300 to his grandson Arnold James Trinder; £100 each to Mrs. Henrietta Lambert, Mrs. Margaret Cope, Mrs. Anne Latimer, and Mrs. Lena Micaulay; and legacies to friends, executors, and servants. The residue of his property he

leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease as to £5000, upon trust, for his son Chisholm; £4000 each, upon trust, for his daughters; £2000 each to Annie Sophia Trinder and Alice Mary Trinder, and the ultimate residue to his son Roderick.

The will (dated March 25, 1897), with a codicil (dated Sept. 30, 1899), of Mr. James Reiss, of 7, Cromwell Mansions, Cromwell Road, and Broomfield Hall, Sunningdale, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Jan. 25 by Julius Adolphus Reiss and George Emil Adolphus Reiss, the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate being £147,958. The testator gives £12,500 and all his furniture, pictures, plate, etc., to his daughter Julia Henrietta Jephson; £10,000, upon trust, for his grandchildren; two water-colours by Turner to his nephews Julius and George; £100 each to his godsons Arthur and Eric Reiss and Geoffrey Sichel; £250 for charitable institutions, hospitals, and schools in the Parliamentary borough of Manchester and Salford; £500 for like purposes in London, Middlesex, and Surrey; £250 for like purposes in Frankfurt-on-Main; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Jephson for life, and then as she shall appoint to her issue.

The will (dated July 5, 1898), with a codicil (dated Sept. 19, 1899), of Mr. John Fair, of Wilderton Manor, Bournemouth, formerly of Buenos Ayres, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on Jan. 23 by Mrs. Agnes Elizabeth Fair, the widow, John St. Foynne Fair, the son, John Alexander Agnew Wallace and William Wilson, the executors, the value of the estate being £147,272. The testator gives

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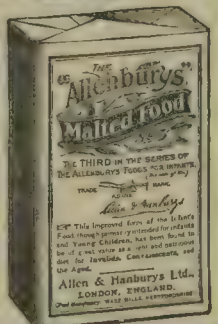
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For a FAITHFUL RECORD OF THE WAR see THE SPHERE

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The Verdict of the Press and Public.

The MORNING POST says—

Everyone who knows anything of journalism is aware of the axiom which states that the production of a good first number is an impossibility. The idea of the editor may be excellent, and may be destined to make his journal universally popular; he may have gifted and devoted colleagues, and sufficient money may be placed at his command to enable him to secure the co-operation of all the makers of pictures and stories and poems for whom the public cares. The fact remains that he has nearly always to sit down just before the paper goes to press and write a little apology for the badness of the number, with a solemn promise to do better in the future. The editor is to be congratulated on the skill with which he has proved, in producing the first number of *The Sphere*, that even this rule is capable of having an exception. The paper bears none of the marks by which a first number is generally known. It is full of drawings and photographs, which are of the greatest interest to a public that cares nowadays for little save news and pictures of the war. It contains a poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy, a story by Mr. E. W. Hornung, and a variety of clever articles. It is—and to those who have been concerned with illustrated journalism this statement will be the most astounding of all—even well printed, though it would puzzle any printer to do bad work on the excellent paper which is used. *The Sphere* is already one of the leading illustrated papers of the Metropolis, and it is safe to prophesy that it will soon be as widely known as any of its kind.

THE GLOBE—

It is not often nowadays that a newspaper can be said to make a real success with its first number. That *The Sphere* has done so is beyond question, and it will, as far as can be seen, fill a place which is taken by no existing paper. It is well written, well illustrated, and well printed.

The DAILY TELEGRAPH, not less generous in its appreciation than its contemporaries, says—

THE SPHERE, if we may judge from the first number, is likely to prove a valuable addition to the ranks of the illustrated weeklies, the increasing popularity and excellence of which have been most remarkable in recent years. No pains have been spared in its production, and its ideal is a high one, for its editor boldly proclaims that "in our *Sphere* all other spheres will be included," and we are also told that "*THE SPHERE* stands for England, the mother of Parliaments, the giver of free institutions to half the world; and for the English-speaking race, the countrymen of Shakspeare and Scott, of Longfellow and Goldsmith—the makers of a literature and language that can never die." Alike in its illustrations and its letterpress the newcomer is excellent. There is an abundance of photographs from the scene of war, portraits of the heroes of the campaign, and vivid sketches of some of its most exciting incidents. There are also admirable portraits of the late Mr. John Ruskin and Dr. Martineau, and several good literary articles in addition to the crisp paragraphs in which the chief events of the week are dealt with. As "*An illustrated newspaper for the home*," which it justly claims to be, *THE SPHERE* is certain to meet with the generous recognition it deserves.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER says—

It may be at once said that in all-round interest *THE SPHERE* is easily first among all rivals. First numbers are usually very bad. This first number is entitled to unstinted praise.

Mr. THOMAS HARDY writes—

The title, *THE SPHERE*, is a very happy one. There is no suggestion of crudeness in the contents, as might have been expected in a first number, and it seems to have struck into the pace on its sudden start as if it had been going for years.

Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON writes

THE SPHERE is a most happy combination of the literary and artistic with the most pleasing. It is by long odds the best first number of its kind that has appeared during the brief space of which I can speak; and if its early promise is maintained, I can safely prophesy a brilliant future for it.

Miss MARIE CORELLI, the distinguished novelist, writes from Stratford-on-Avon—

Accept my heartiest congratulations on *THE SPHERE*. It is an admirable piece of work.

Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., writes from Westgate-on-Sea—

I feel that I must write you a few lines to offer you my cordial congratulations on the splendid success of *THE SPHERE*'s first number. The illustrations reach the highest point that our illustrated art has yet touched, and the literary matter is in style, in variety, and in appropriate interest far above the level of the ordinary illustrated paper. In truth, your first number is the only rival its successors are likely to have.

Mr. J. S. WOOD, Editor of the *Gentleman*, writes—

THE SPHERE is the greatest achievement among first numbers in pictorial journalism that I have known.

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON writes—

THE SPHERE is unquestionably the most thing in illustrated journalism which London has yet seen. It is beyond all things a pleasing paper, and one handles it with the same pleasure that one takes up a finely produced book or a work of art.

Mr. ARTHUR HUTCHINSON, Editor of the *Windsor Magazine*, writes—

Heartiest congratulations on a magnificent achievement.

GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, Adjutant-General, writes—

I think *THE SPHERE* is excellent.

Mr. HALL CAINE writes from Rome—

THE SPHERE comes late to this remote place, but it needs only the swiftest glance to see you have scored a success. It is bright, various, well written, and well illustrated; brilliantly produced. My hearty congratulations!

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POST A COPY TO YOUR FRIEND AT THE WAR. IT WILL BE VERY WELCOME!

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£500, his furniture and household effects, the use of Wilderton Manor, and an annuity of £300 to his wife, all his land and heritable property in Scotland, £2000, £5000 shares in the Central Uruguay Railway, and the plate given by the late Lord Marjoribanks, to his son John; his shares in the Piedad de Afilar Land Company to his sons John and Arthur; to the South American Missionary Society, £250; £2000 each to his daughters Agnes Kendall Wallace, Harriet, Constance Anne, and Ethel Winifred; an annuity of £300 to his son Thomas Kendall Fair; and other legacies. His real estate in the Argentine Republic is to be administered according to Argentine law, as if he had died intestate. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, his sons John St. Foynne and Arthur Edward Balfour and his daughters Agnes Kendall Wallace, Harriet, Constance Anne, Ethel Winifred, and Gertrude Mary Butler.

The will (dated April 27, 1899) of Mr. Charles William Willock-Dawes, of Burton Hill, Petworth, and 2, Courtney Terrace, Hove, who died on Dec. 25, was proved on Jan. 29 by Andrew Murray and Arthur Guy Ellis, the executors, the value of the estate being £118,039. The testator gives £5000 between Francis Charles, Francis, Margaret, May,

Ethel, Walter, and Hugh Gosling; £900 to the Very Rev. Thomas Lalor, of Petworth; £500 each to his executors; such furniture and effects as she may select to Ethel King; his Burton Hill property and the remainder of his furniture to the Rev. Francis Scoles, the Rev. James Hayes, and the Rev. Thomas Brown, of Farm Street, Berkeley Square, as joint tenants; and a few small legacies and specific gifts. His residuary estate is to be held upon the trusts of an indenture made between the testator, the Right Rev. John Butt, the Very Rev. William Murnane, the Very Rev. Joseph Charles McGrath, the Very Rev. Joseph Moore, and Arthur Guy Ellis.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1899) of Mr. Horatio Brothers, of The Elms, Putney Hill, who died on Dec. 19, was proved on Jan. 26 by Mrs. Marianne Brothers, the widow, and Francis William Brothers, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £104,470. The testator gives £200, his wines and consumable stores, and the use of his household furniture to his wife; £300 to his daughter Kate Alice; £100 to his niece Rose Wilson, £100 to the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, and £100 each to his trustees. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, during the life of his wife, to pay annuities of £700 to her; £400 to his son

Francis William; £300 each to his daughters, and £150 to his son Arthur Horatio, and the remainder of the income thereof between his son Francis William and his daughters. On the decease of Mrs. Brothers, a sum of £4000 is to be held, upon trust, for his son Arthur Horatio, and the ultimate residue divided between his daughters and son Francis William, the share of his son to be one third more than that of his daughters.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1872) of Mr. Brownlow Worsley Roberts, of the Windham Club, St. James's Square, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Jan. 23 by the Rev. Harry Bertie Roberts, the nephew, one of the next-of-kin, the value of the estate being £82,057. The testator leaves all his property, as to one third each, to his brothers Peregrine and Bertie Matthew, and one third, upon trust, for his brother Henry Charles for life, and then to his said two brothers, Peregrine and Bertie Matthew, in equal shares. All three of the brothers died in the testator's lifetime, and his property, therefore, becomes divisible among his next-of-kin, according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1890), with a codicil (dated May 8, 1899), of Sir Henry Jenkins, K.C.B., of Botley Hill, Botley, Southampton, late Parliamentary Counsel to

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

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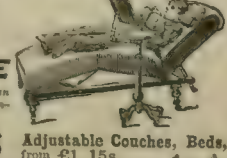
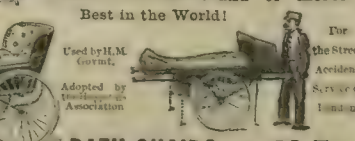
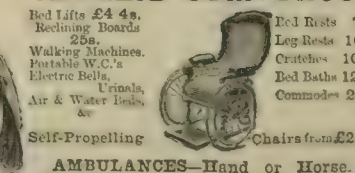
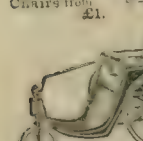
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Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

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Upwards of 1000 other
Hotels, Clubs, Colleges,
and Institutions; and by
Hosts of Private Customers
Everywhere.



In Millions of Homes,
from the
Palace of Royalty
to the
Peasant's Cottage,
these Teas are
exclusively used,
because they are the
Choicest Productions
of the World's
Most Celebrated Tea
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Intending Purchasers are
invited to call at the Com-
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Rooms, 21, Mining Lane,
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extent of the business
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Equal to Tea Retailed at 1/6

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FOR BREAKFAST USE.

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FOR AFTERNOON USE.

As Supplied to the House of
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2/- a lb.

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After Influenza, Feverish Colds,
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Nothing is so conducive to Health of Body and
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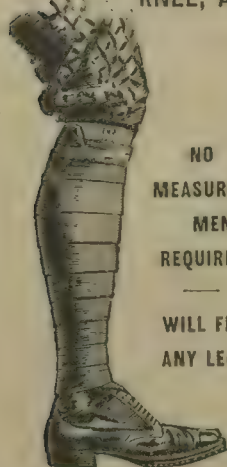
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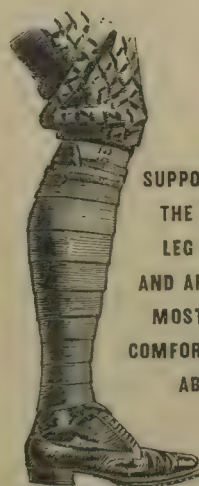


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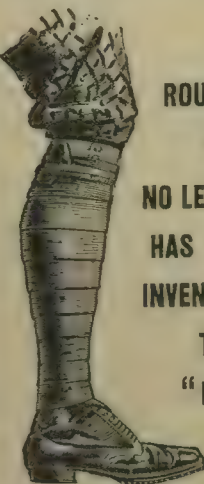
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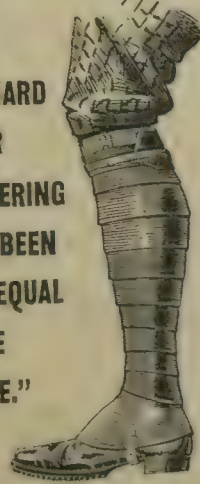


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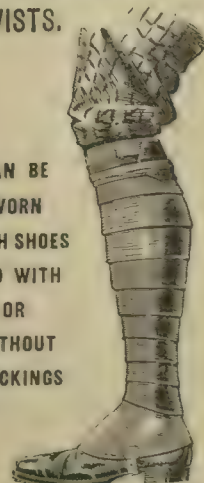


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the Treasury, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Jan. 31 by Dame Madeline Sabine Jenkins, the widow, the Rev. John Jenkins and Arthur Jenkins, the brothers, the executors, the value of the estate being £64,767. The testator bequeaths £1200 to his wife. Subject thereto his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood. On her decease or remarriage he charges his estates in Hampshire and Somerset with the payment of £250 per annum to his brother Arthur, and his sisters Edith and Catharine, while unmarried, and his Somerset property, with the capital sum of £15,000 for the children of his brother Richard. He further gives £2500 each to his sisters Harriet Pedler and Anne Pilkington, £400 between his brother Arthur and sisters Edith and Catharine, and the ultimate residue to his brother John.

The will dated April 8, 1896, with a codicil (dated Jan. 31, 1899), of Major the Hon. Robert Needham, of

Berry Hill, Taplow, who died on Nov. 11, was proved on Jan. 30 by George Arthur Needham, the nephew, the value of the estate being £14,300.

The will of Mr. William Hill Branker, of Wells, Somerset, who died on Dec. 29, the eldest surviving son of the late Sir Thomas Branker, of Liverpool, was proved on Jan. 27 by Mrs. Edith Lyon, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £4671.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1884) of Surgeon-Major Alexander Grant, of 3, Connaught Square, 110n. Surgeon to Her Majesty, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on Jan. 24 by Francis William Grant, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £54,117. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to his sisters Jessie Grant and Jane Irvine Grant; his house, with the contents thereof, to his sister Ann Margaret Grant; £1000 to his executor; and three pieces of plate presented to him by

his medical brethren at Calcutta, the China medal, and two swords to his brother William Ross Grant. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister Ann Margaret Grant.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1896) of the Hon. George Augustus Hobart-Hampden, of The Home Mead, Teddington, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on Jan. 31 by Charles Awdry and the Rev. Alfred Bertie Hobart-Hampden, the son, the value of the estate being £9274.

We are authorised to state that the Directors of the *Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Limited, will, subject to final audit, recommend a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 8 per cent. for the half-year ending Dec. 31 last, making, with the interim dividend already paid, 7 per cent. for the year 1899.

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Important Notice.

THE SPEAR.

Next Week the Second Gratis Photogravure Plate will be given with NUMBER FOUR (February 14) of THE SPEAR. The picture is entitled—

“BROTHERS IN ARMS,”

By *ALLAN STEWART,*

THE PAINTER OF THE CELEBRATED PICTURE, “MAJOR WILSON'S LAST STAND.”

It represents the Splendid Charge of the Yorkshires and the New Zealanders driving the Boers down the face of a Kopje at Colosberg at the point of the bayonet.

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FOR ENGLAND'S HONOUR: TRANSPORT LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON.

Sketch by our Artist, Mr. C. J. de Laey.



Photo, Kufelt.
Lieutenant Sir J. P. Milbanki
 (10th Hussars, when wounded, rescued a trooper under fire).

Photo, Dudgeon.
Captain Vincent Sudley
 (Royal Horse Guards, on Special Service).

Photo, Russell.
Major Lord Arthur Grosvenor
 (Earl of Chester's Yeomanry Cavalry, Volunteered).

Mr. McLauchlan, of Harrismith
 (Shot on Christmas Day for refusing to join the Boers against his own countrymen).

Photo, Jackson.
Mr. Robbins, of Harrismith
 (Shot on Christmas Day for refusing to join the Boers against his own countrymen).

Photo.
Major The Earl of Dudley
 (Queen's Own Worcestershire Hussars, Volunteered for the Imperial Yeomanry).

WAR PORTRAITS

During the retirement of a reconnoitring party at Naauwpoort on Jan. 7, a trooper fell from his horse. In another moment Sir John Milbanki, although wounded, had turned back to the rescue and took the man up behind him, receiving at the same time a second bullet, but only through his haversack. The British horsemen won the race—thanks to Sir John's mount being equal, while danger lasted, to the double burden. Then the ambulance had to do its work, and Sir John was removed to Cape Town, where, happily, his wound was found to be such as promised him a complete recovery.

The Earl of Dudley, one of the Imperial Yeomen at the war, is in command of the Queen's Own Worcestershire Hussars. In Yeomanry training he has taken for some years a great interest, having, indeed, a System of his own.

He is against billeting and in favour of camping; and being a man of action as well as of ideas, he took a squadron of his Hussars to Aldershot three or four years ago, where they went under canvas, and were attached for drill to the 4th Hussars. Twice since then the regiment has camped out. The Worcestershire detachment is one of the most robust and seasoned set of volunteers now accepted for service.

Lord Arthur Hugh Grosvenor, who has volunteered to go to the war with the Cheshire Cavalry Corps of the Imperial Yeomanry, is its Captain and Hon. Major. The eldest surviving son of the late, and the uncle of the present, Duke of Westminster, he was born in 1860; was educated at Eton and at Oxford; and married Helen, daughter of Sir Robert Sheffield.

Captain Vincent Sudley, of the Royal Horse Guards, who is to be found among those at the front, is thirty-two years of age, and has held his Captaincy for four years. He is the eldest son of the Earl of Arran, and the brother-in-law of Viscount Cranborne and of the Hon. W. F. Danvers Smith.

Advises from Harrismith published by the *Daily Mail* tell a thrilling story of patriotic devotion. On Christmas Day three men, named McLauchlan, Robbins, and Glover, who had previously received passes to remain in the Free State, were commandeered and ordered to proceed to the front. They declined to fight against their own countrymen, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day they were taken to the Market Square at Harrismith and shot. The names of these three men ought not to be allowed to die.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF COLENSO, FOUGHT DECEMBER 17, 1899.

Photo supplied by Mr. G. Lynch.



GENERAL SCHALK BURGER'S LAAGER NORTH OF LADYSMITH.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. G. J.

There were a lot of Boers in the laager, some fine-looking old burghers in wide-rimmed hats and top-boots. The Boers were in every possible way; the quality of the men was very good, and they were very well equipped with rifles and khaki jackets, just like ours, but with wide-rimmed felt hats caught up at the sides. (Note: Mr. G. J.)



FROM CANADA'S SNOWS TO AFRIC'S SUNNY FOUNTAINS: CANADIAN ARTILLERY ENTRAINING AT OTTAWA FOR THE CAPE.

*From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;*

*From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.*



THE RISING OF THE TUGELA: BOERS CUT OFF AT HLANGWANI HILL.

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH BULLER'S FORCES, MR. F. A. STEWART.

The river having risen owing to the heavy rains, a number of the enemy were cut off by the breaking of their wooden bridge. Our picture illustrates the Boers getting supplies over by means of pack-horses swimming the stream. There were supposed to be three thousand of them occupying Hlangwani Hill, forming left of Boer position at Colenso.



OFFICERS ON LOOK-OUT HILL WATCHING A SKIRMISH BETWEEN THE ENEMY AND OUR OUTPOSTS.



PRETORIA JAIL, WHERE THE PRISONERS BELONGING TO COLONIAL REGIMENTS, WITH SOME OF THE CAPTURED GUIDES, SCOUTS, AND CIVILIANS, ARE CONFINED.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. G. LYNCH.

Beyond the chalked lines, measuring thirteen paces, the prisoners were not allowed to go.

AMENITIES OF THE FRENCH PRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"Men are not only apt to forget the benefits they have received and the injuries they have suffered, but they often pursue with their hatred those who have befriended them, and cease to hate those who have harmed them. To apply the principle of rewarding the good and of avenging the evil appears to them a kind of moral servitude to which they are unwilling to submit." Thus wrote La Rochefoucauld; and one might imagine the maxim to have been written not later than yesterday. It absolutely illustrates the present temper of the French respectively towards the English and the Germans.

With the exception of Waterloo and its sequel of St. Helena, the French cannot bring one charge against us of having even morally harmed them during the century which is drawing to a close. I say "morally harmed them," for neither our victory on the Belgian battlefield nor the subsequent martyrdom which Sir Hudson Lowe inflicted on Napoleon involved material sufferings either to the nation or the country at large. If it had done that, our guilt with regard to them would have been wiped out by our conduct towards them at the beginning of 1871. Germany, on the other hand, has never stretched forth a finger to endeavour to efface the recollection of the horrors of the siege of Paris and the invasion of France; yet, in their blind and unreasoning hatred of England, Frenchmen are almost inclined at the present moment to hail Germany as a friend, because she, forsooth, is also, and at any rate morally, arrayed against us. This is the survey of last week's news, as far as we are concerned. Inasmuch as my readers must be pretty well tired of reading the same tale over and over again, and inasmuch as I, at the same time, am virtually bound, in my character of purveyor of news, to chronicle the fact, I ventured to present it in the guise of one of La Rochefoucauld's maxims.

In her determination not to leave us alone, France reminds one of Hamlet. In spite of the suspected criminality of his mother and of his uncle, he kept harping upon supposed imperfections of Ophelia. What- ever our trials and reverses may be just now, we, at least, present a united front, and are not torn by internal dissensions. The French are compelled to admit this. In order to redeem or to counteract the mistakes of one Administration, we do not attempt to admit to the House of Lords—which in this instance is the equivalent of the French Senate—proved liars, forgers, perjurers, and equally proved incompetent generals. The remedy for our evils will be sought—sooner or later—at the hands of honest men. One wonders how many Frenchmen would be prepared to declare on oath their belief in General Mercier as such. Yet, by a touching unanimity, the Royalists of a provincial centre sent him last week to the Senate, to the same Senate which only recently condemned Dérôle to ten years of banishment.

That the Royalists in doing this have practically signed their own death-warrant does not admit of the shadow of a doubt. It would be an incontrovertible fact, even if their avowed chief were an abler man than he is; but he, too, commits blunder upon blunder. While he is preaching a crusade of Anti-Semitism and, for the matter of that, of Anti-Protestantism, one of the authorities of the University reveals an unostentatious deed of charity of a departed Jewess—the late Baroness Hirsch, *née* Bischoffshausen. In order to assist needy but well-deserving students, she sent, a couple of years before her demise, an anonymous donation of £2000 to serve as a nucleus for a fund to that effect. This much for those who preach hatred, and who, though checked at every step, nevertheless succeed in fomenting continued agitation. Now let us look at the man who, without the slightest exaggeration, may be called the nineteenth-century Voltaire in his championship of justice, for whether the Anti-Semites like to hear it or not, Emile Zola did for Alfred Dreyfus what Voltaire did for Jean Calas—though, unfortunately, too late.

And what has been Zola's reward? In the first place, exile, to a man like him meant probably more than it meant to Victor Hugo. In the second place, a protracted law suit, plus the cost and a fine of 30,000 fr., which probably means but little to a man of Zola's great, though absolutely hard-earned, wealth. Zola returned to his country, the money has or will be remitted to him; and after that it would have been thought that even the most barefaced traducers would have left him in peace. Not so. The fable of "The Wolf and the Lamb," so admirably told by La Fontaine, has apparently not been lost upon his countrymen. As a rule, however, in their choice between the two parts of the apologue, they select that of the wolf. The rôle lends itself admirably to the taking up of scandal. M. Judet, of *Le Petit Journal*, had no grievance against the famous novelist, but he invented one. And, said he (the journalist), "if you did not do the evil, your father did." In other words, he accused Zola's father of malversations in connection with the war-chest while he (Zola's father) was a Lieutenant in the Foreign Legion. M. Judet is a much younger man than Zola. How did he become possessed of the information? Considering that, as I could prove, the hardest-working and most single-minded historical student is invariably denied access to the archives of no matter what Ministry, the question just propounded necessarily presents itself to one's mind. In spite of this, M. Judet did not appear to have encountered difficulties of that kind, probably during the tenure of office of M. Cavaignac. And, abiding his time, M. Judet made use of the documents alleged to be there. Alleged is the word, for the greater part of these are now proved to be forgeries. But even if they had been genuine, in what manner could they have invalidated Zola's conduct in the Dreyfus affair? It is all of a piece with the raking up of a scandal against the late Felix Faure's father-in-law, when nothing could be found against Faure himself. "Why should foreigners complain of being maligned when we serve our most eminent men in a similar fashion?" asked an ingenious, or perhaps an ingenious, journalist a little while ago—and Echo answers "Why?"

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G KNIGHT (Cambridge).—The point of a problem is that mate must be given in the required number of moves whatever the defence may play. We print only the most difficult defences. In each case you mention the move of the King is probably an inferior defence or one to which the reply is obvious.

H REWARD.—The mistake is ours. White's twenty-third move should be B to Q 2nd, not K 2nd.

C BURNETT (Birmingham).—The three-mover is now correct, and shall appear. In the two-mover, if Black play 1. Q to Q 3rd, there appears no mate next move.

J W D HOARE (Bognor).—B to K 3rd (ch) does not solve the problem to which you refer.

F T J (S.E.).—In club handicaps the odds are always Pawn and move. We know of no case where the Pawn is given without the move.

HERBERT A. SALWAY.—Your two-mover is solved by 1. R takes Kt.

S G LOCKWOOD.—Your problem is correct, but too simple for our use.

W G PRINGLE (Bexley Heath).—Try the British Chess Company, Southampton Row, W.C.

G S JOHNSON (Cobham).—Shall be examined.

R BEY.—You must look again at No. 2919. If Black play K to K 5th, 2. Q to Q 4th does not mate.

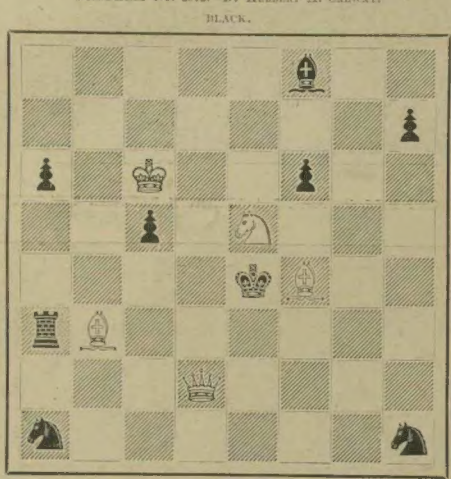
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2903 received from R ISVARD Aiyar (Quilon) and C A M (Penang); of No. 2904 from R ISVARD Aiyar (Quilon); of No. 2905 from George Dorey Farmer (Auncruston, Ontario); of No. 2907 from Emile Frau (Lyons), Charles Field, Junior (Andol, Mass.), and F C Hansherr; of No. 2908 from Jacob Verrall (Ridmell), F C Hansherr, J Bailey (Newark), and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2909 from M A Eyre (Folkestone), Edward J Sharpe, J H Warburton Lee (Whitchurch, G J Veal, R Le Jeune, Emile Frau (Lyons), Jacob Verrall (Ridmell), F C Hansherr, William M Meats (Torquay), J I J (Frampton), Blair H Cochrane (Harting), D R Brooks (Manchester), T B Sellers, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and G T Hughes (Dublin).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2910 received from F Dalby, Edward J Sharpe, Emile Frau (Lyons), T G Ware, W H Bohn (Worthing), J Muxworthy (Hock), F M Moon, F H Harrison (Liverpool), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Rupert Rogers (Stratford), J T Blakenmore, H Le Jeune, Sorrento, C M A B, G T Hughes (Dublin), Shadforth, R Norton (Canterbury), J D Tucker (Hilley), Alpha, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H S Brandreth, R. H. R. Charlesworth, E W Moore (Brighton), Edith Corser (Reigate), W Lillie (Edinburgh), and W d A Barnard (Uppingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2909.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to 4th. B to Q 2nd.
2. P to K 6th (ch). P takes P.
3. P to K 4th, mate. K to Q 4th.
If Black play 1. P to Q 4th, 2. Q to K 6th (ch), and if 1. P to B 7th, 2. P to K 4th, 2. P takes P, 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 2912.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the championship journey of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. F. J. ALLOCK and T. F. LAWRENCE.

(Van der Kreef's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. A.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 3rd. B to Q 4th.
2. P to Q 4th. B to Q 2nd.
3. Kt to Q 2nd. Q to K 3rd.
4. P to K 3rd. P to K 3rd.
5. Kt to Q 2nd. P to Q 4th.
6. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
7. Kt to Q 2nd. P to Q 4th.
8. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
9. Kt to Q 2nd. P to Q 4th.
10. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
11. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
12. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
13. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
14. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
15. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
16. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
17. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
18. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
19. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
20. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
21. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
22. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
23. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
24. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
25. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
26. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
27. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
28. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
29. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
30. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.

Game played in the Surrey Challenge Cup Tournament between Messrs. E. B. SCHWANN and A. J. MAAR.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. Kt to K 3rd. P to K 3rd.
3. B to B 4th. B to B 4th.
4. P to B 3rd. Kt to B 3rd.
5. P to Q 3rd. P to Q 3rd.
6. Q to K 2nd. Castles.
7. Castles. Kt to K 2nd.
8. P to Q 4th. P takes P.
9. P takes P. B to K 2nd.
10. B to K 2nd. P to Q 4th.
11. Q to K 3rd. P to Q 4th.
12. P takes P. Q takes Kt.
13. P takes P. B to K 3rd.
14. Kt to K 3rd. P to K 3rd.
15. Q to Q 3rd. P to B 3rd.
16. B to B 3rd. B to B 3rd.
17. B to R 4th. B takes B.
18. B to B 2nd. Q to Q 3rd.
19. Q takes P. P to Q 3rd.
20. Kt to Q 2nd. P to Q 3rd.
21. Kt to R 4th. Q to R 4th.
22. R to Q 3rd. Kt to K 2nd.
23. B to B 3rd. Q to K 2nd.
24. B to B 3rd. Q to K 2nd.
25. B to B 3rd. Q to K 2nd.
26. B to B 3rd. Q to K 2nd.
27. B to B 3rd. Q to K 2nd.
28. B to B 3rd. Q to K 2nd.
29. B to B 3rd. Q to K 2nd.
30. B to B 3rd. Q to K 2nd.

BOOKS TO READ.

LONDON: FEB. 6, 1900.

The name of the author of "In Tune with the Infinite" (Bell and Sons), Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, is new to me. But he must be well known in America, as this volume is printed from the twenty-first American edition. It is the sort of book that might easily have a great vogue in this country. The orthodox, the hard-headed, the "superior" of both sexes will probably smile at or declaim against its naive and soaring optimism, but to diffident, anxious souls, to those who, from intellectual or physical reasons, cannot attune their lives to their environment, it will be very welcome. The parent of such books is Emerson. Their home is America. They do not teach anything new. They do not attack or explain any creed. They but try to show that peace of mind, happiness, and contentment are within reach of all, and are independent of outward circumstances. Everything that is of real value is possible, even to the lowliest—

I hold it as a changeless law
From which no soul can sway or evert,
We have that in us which will draw
Whatever we need or most deserve.

In simple, sincere language Mr. Trine reminds his readers—reminds them with a sweet reasonableness quite refreshing in these days of polemical rancour—that the great fundamental principles of all religions are the same, and that the central fact in human life is the coming into a conscious, vital realisation of our oneness with the Infinite life, and the opening of ourselves to this divine overflow. Not new, you will say. No, not new! But it is something nowadays to find a new book which is helpful and sunny, which makes for conduct, and which is uplifting.

"Fellow Wayfarers" (Richards), by Louis Tylor, is a quaint book, and rather an uncommon little book. There will not be what is called "a big demand" for it, but those who read "Fellow Wayfarers" will think of it again. It is not by any means a great book, but it is sincere—the sort of book an unprofessional writer might muse over for years, and write very leisurely. The book is composed of tiny chapters, each about two pages in length, each with a separate heading, and each connected with the other by an interest and environment common to all. That interest is the spiritual growth of a small religious sect. There is no attempt at effect. The characters just come, talk, and go. What they say is not profound, but they felt things and meant what they said. Their historian has done well.

The title of Alice Morse Earle's new book is arresting, and makes a sudden call on one's sympathy. The title is "Child-Life in Colonial Days" (Macmillan). Here is a new thing in history. Adults and their concerns are politely disregarded. The children of the Pilgrim Fathers, those wide-eyed wondering children who crossed the ocean to the new world, and those who were born in the first years of Colonial life, how they fared, what they thought—that is what this curious and interesting book is about. We are given details of their dress, their school-life, their discipline, their manners, their religious training, their toys, their games, tell the small persons of those pioneer children, now so long gone, flock into reality. They were not very happy, I fear. Privations were many, for the conditions of life were all too hard for young lives. Mrs. Earle has what Emerson calls "the catlike love of garrets, presses, and corn-chambers, and of the conveniences of long housekeeping." Through well-kept homes, old garrets and presses she has searched, and the result is this vivid history of child-life.

"Folly Corner," by Mrs. Dudeney (Heinemann), shows ability and a certain grasp of character, but it can hardly be called a pleasant book. It is one more of the many studies of a passionate, attractive, half-educated woman, fighting her unaided way through the world with no guide but her own disorderly instincts. The cardinal fact of Pamela's life is her passion for a dissolute, engaging rogue, a ticket-of-leave man. He treats her brutally; he goes through a form of marriage with her, knowing that his wife is alive; at every turn he shows himself to be vile to the core; but her devotion to him persists through all, and it is only ended by his death. Then Pamela is free to marry the master of Folly Corner, a gentleman farmer of almost incredible unselfishness, whose love for her has never wavered. Now, novelists have a perfect right to choose their own subjects. The critic may like or dislike the subject-matter. His duty begins and ends with the question: "Is it done well or ill?" Mrs. Dudeney has done her work well—there can be no doubt about that. And since many like to read "revolting daughter" novels, many will doubtless read "Folly Corner."

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is quite another kind of novelist. As the creator of that fascinating hero Captain Kettle, he has his unstinted admiration. But, alas! Captain Kettle does not figure in "The Lost Continent" (Hutchinson). The book opens well. It has the old touch. Two men, a professor and another, while exploring in the Canaries, discover the "most valuable historical manuscript that the modern world has ever yet seen." This is nothing less than a history of the latter days of the lost continent of Atlantis. Mankind understands, when mankind thinks about the question at all, that Atlantis was submerged by the sea. But it has been revealed to Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's imagination that two people escaped the disaster—in an ark: Deucalion, who tells the astonishing story, and his lady-love. The splendour of Atlantis, the beauty and wickedness of her Empress, the size and fury of her mammoth beasts, the knowledge that her Priests (Clergy) possessed over the secrets of nature, and the awful use to which they put that knowledge, are here all set down. The book is a spirited piece of imagination, but Mr. Hyne has not been able to give verisimilitude to his yarn. The adventures gallop along, they interest and they sometimes thrill, particularly the attack on a ship by three great sea-lizards, but we never forget that it is all sheer invention. To make the reader believe the incredible is the great art of this kind of writing. Therein Mr. Hyne fails. With Captain Kettle he succeeded. This history of Atlantis is just—too much. But it is a spirited yarn.

QUILL.